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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 51.—Vol. I.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

ONE PENNY.



THE RACE FOR THE GREAT ST. LEGER—MARQUIS BEATING BUCKSTONE BY A HEAD (See page 819)

Notes of the Week.

On Sunday night a desperate onslaught was made upon the police in Gray's-inn-lane, by which five constables have been so much injured as to be incapacitated from doing duty. It appears that for some time there has been a growing animosity between the Kerry men and those from Tipperary residing in that locality, and the constable on duty seeing that it was the determination of the Kerry men to commence a faction fight, took one into custody, but on reaching Baldwin's-gardens a numerous body of Irishmen sallied out to rescue the prisoner. At this time there were but two policemen, and they were most barbarously treated. The inhabitants, being greatly alarmed, and fearing that murder might ensue, sent for reinforcement, and soon a body of the G division, headed by Sergeant 5 G, a most active and powerful officer, with a number of the City force arrived. The rioters had then greatly increased in numbers, and a most desperate onslaught was made on the officers with bludgeons of every description, and in self-defence the police were compelled to use their truncheons, inflicting serious injuries on many of the rioters. The police, however, did not escape unscathed. Sergeant 5 G had several of his teeth knocked out, and was severely bruised about the head and body by being jumped upon. Nos. 157 and 195 G division were also so seriously injured that they were taken to the hospital, and two constables of the City police have been frightfully knocked about. After the affray had lasted nearly an hour, a strong body of police arrived from the Bagnigge-wells station, and the rioters, aided by a number of women who were indefatigable in supplying weapons, effected their escape.

On Monday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, the neighbourhood of Leather-lane and Back-hill was thrown into a state of excitement and alarm by the sudden appearance of a bull at large, and whose excursions were of a most alarming nature. After leaving the drove, which was on its way to Smithfield, the infuriated animal rushed up the steep declivity of Back-hill, and after reaching the top he plunged head foremost into one of the huge main drainage shafts, falling a depth of forty-two feet down into the excavation below. Here he lay bellowing and snorting for fully three-quarters of an hour, without apparently having broken any bones. As it was ascertained by the workmen, by the aid of lights, that having recovered from his exhaustion, he was again erect upon his legs, the question then presented itself how to extricate him, and it was at first determined that he should be killed on the spot, and then slung up by means of the ropes and buckets used by the men at work to bring up the excavated material. But subsequently, after consulting the owner of the animal, it was determined to try the experiment of extricating him alive, and a strong force of Reid's stalwart brewers in the neighbourhood volunteered their services for the purpose. Bringing their tackle from the brewery, they and the sewerage men descended with it into the shaft, and having secured it round the neck, legs, and hind-quarters of the bull, succeeded in about half an hour (shortly after ten o'clock), and by means of a windlass and a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, in bringing their bovine burden, of some 100 stone weight, safely and amid the cheers of the crowd to the surface, when the animal, marvellous to say, was found only to have sustained a fracture of one of the fore legs, and was able to walk a distance of 40 yards down hill to a neighbouring yard in Saffron-hill, where he was safely housed for the night.

The following act of disinterested honesty on the part of a cab-driver may be mentioned in order to show that they are not all so vile and dishonest as is generally represented.—On Friday week Mr. George Lowe, a gentleman residing at 39, Finsbury-circus, rode a considerable distance in cab No. 215, the driver being Edwin Tragen, badge No. 13,384. On alighting in haste Mr. Lowe discharged the cab, but forgot his great coat, in the pocket of which was a note-case containing a large amount in Bank of England notes and cheques. The driver, on putting up on the rank, discovered the coat, and the address being in the book, he immediately drove to Finsbury-circus, and restored the property to the owner, who rewarded him with five sovereigns.

On Monday, Mr. H. Balfour Witherell, the deputy-coroner for Middlesex, held an inquest at the George and Dragon public-house, High-street, Shadwell, respecting the death of William Knowles, aged twenty-one years, a saddler and harness maker, who was found dead in the river Thames. It appeared from the evidence that the body was found floating in the river, off Shadwell Dock-stairs, in a state of decomposition. Deceased had been in the water about a fortnight, but how he became immersed there was no proof. He had been missed from his home, and it is supposed that he fell overboard from a steamboat on his way from Greenwich. Dr. Ross, the divisional medical officer, of High-street, Shadwell, said that he was called to see the body, which presented a sad state from decomposition. There was a severe bruise on the front of the head, which, he believed, from a post-mortem examination, had been received before death. There was a fracture of the base of the skull, and concussion of the brain. Verdict, "Found dead in the river, and how he came into the water there was no evidence to show."

On Monday morning, Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner, held an inquest at the King's Arms Tavern, Brunswick-place, City-road, Shoreditch, on the view of the body of William Wiltshire, aged forty-five years, who committed suicide under very painful circumstances at No. 11, Craven-street. The evidence went to prove that the deceased was a booby, and his sight had become injured. He was a widower, and had a large family, which gave him great uneasiness. He would give way to despondency; and although his hopes were buoyed up by his friends he had a dread of the workhouse. On the previous Thursday, deceased was left in his room for a short time, and when one of the family returned he was found hanging by a rope to the upper part of the inner shutter of the back parlour. He was cut down and speedily seen by Mr. Simpson, of the City-road, but life was extinct. Mr. Waller, the constable, said that the room was searched, and upwards of £10 in cash was found, clearly showing that the deceased was not in pecuniary difficulties, as was reported. The coroner remarked on the case at some length, when the jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

In anticipation of the further spread of the malignant small-pox in the sheep flocks, the farmers of South Wales have it in contemplation to form an association for mutual protection and insurance. The project was mooted at Warminster market, and was favourably received. An association of the kind has been formed at Devizes, and is well supported.

The *Belfast News Letter* contains the following story:—"Yesterday evening a young lad came to the General Hospital, and there gave information of a somewhat singular fact. He stated that, when going into an omnibus running to the Botanic Garden, he observed the finger of a person fastened about the handle of the bus. He took it from its place, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and gave it to the person in charge of the omnibus. The finger had upon it a ring, set with a stone. No person arrived at the hospital with a wounded finger. The youth, however, gave his name and address, in case any inquiries should be made." The same journal in its subsequent issue, states that this singular affair has been explained. It says:—"A gentleman from Newtownards was a passenger on the bus, and, in getting out, he caught hold of a part of the door, which took off his finger above the first joint, and upon it was a gold ring. The gentleman was so weak and faint that he left without informing anyone of the accident, and ran to the establishment of Dr. Smyth, Castle-place, where the wounded finger was dressed. He then proceeded by the first train to his residence at Newtownards, and has not since returned to claim his lost property, finger included, all of which he can have by calling upon Dr. Moore, house surgeon, at the General Hospital."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

"We regret," says *Galvani*, "to announce the decease, at Lyons, of Count de Castellane, Marshal of France and Senator, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and decorated with most of the principal orders of Europe. His age was seventy-four. The following are some particulars of this distinguished soldier's career:—"The count was born in Paris on the 21st of March, 1788. His father was a deputy at the States-General in 1789. The future marshal entered the army when sixteen years of age, in 1804, as a private, and in 1806 was a sub-lieutenant of dragoons in the army of Italy. The following year he became lieutenant, and went to Spain with Count Lobau as his aide-de-camp. At Burgos he took a piece of cannon at the head of his company. Ekmulh, Ratisbon, Essling, and Wagram, all witnessed the brilliant valour of Lieutenant Castellane. "Intrepid young man!" was the exclamation of the Emperor, when he gave him the cross on the field of Wagram. After such a compliment, Castellane was certain to pass through the bravest of the brave, M. de Castellane was certain to pass through fire to gain all his grades at the point of the sword. His death took place after an illness of three weeks. He concealed his sufferings to the last as far as possible, and even gave the usual orders on the last morning of his life. About noon, feeling more fatigued than usual, he sent for M. Devienne, cure of the parish of St. Francois, at Lyons, who administered the sacraments. The marshal was sensible to the last, and died regretting that he had not fallen in a field of battle."

A French newspaper relates the following:—"Some time ago, while at a review, a murderous shot was fired at the marshal from a regiment of Voltigeurs. He heard the whistling of the ball near his head, and on taking off his cap found it had lodged in it. Without saying a word to his staff he galloped up to the front of the regiment from which the shot proceeded, and cried out that if he knew the unlucky dog who was such a bad shot he would certainly give him a week in the guardhouse. Then turning to his staff he said, 'What do you think of this? a fellow in a crack corps who misses his man at thirty yards; certainly he ought to be broke.' The marshal would never allow any inquiry to be made into this attempt upon his life; but he resented it against the whole corps of Voltigeurs, by never allowing any one of them to mount guard at his quarters."

The iron-plated frigate *Normandie*, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Graviere, anchored on the 16th of August in the port of Fort de France, Martinique, from Cherbourg, having touched at Madeira. The arrival of the *Normandie* produced a great sensation, as it was the first iron-plated vessel that had made so long a voyage. The *Normandie*, although carrying 800 tons of iron on her sides, is an excellent sailer.

The presence of Professor Partridge at Spezzia continues to make *La Patrie* very uncomfortable. It describes the learned professor as an emissary in disguise from Lord Palmerston. It gravely tells its readers that he has thrown off the mask, but that the errand is financial as well as political.

A letter from Spezzia informs us that the English surgeon, who had been expected for several days, had arrived on the morning of the 17th, and had been immediately admitted to the general's bedside. He has publicly announced that he has given to the general's hands £5,000 sterling, not as the result of a subscription, but on the part of Lord Palmerston, as a proof of the sympathy of the English people with his expedition against Rome. Garibaldi rejects an amnesty, and demands a trial. A great many English had arrived at Spezzia. They appeared to be obeying to a *mot d'ordre*. The British consul in that town (adds our correspondent) enjoys all manner of privileges. He has a boat at his orders, bearing a pennant like a man-of-war's boat, and before his flag all barriers fall."

It is almost incredible that any paper printed out of a lunatic asylum should publish such absurdities. It may be accounted for, however, by a report generally current in newspaper circles in Paris, that the proprietor is a victim of the spirit-rapping mania, and the many extraordinary things which appear now and then in the *Patrie* are due to the inspiration of the unfortunate gentleman's favourite table.

The *France* strings together the following gossip from Germany:—"That the King of Prussia is getting unpopular in Germany is proved by a recent fact. Passing through Frankfurt the King, as his wont was, taking a walk in the principal streets, when a chorus of hissing was heard. The Prince was deeply affected thereat, and on the following day M. Eventzel, the Prussian minister, came aimed to the Senate of Frankfurt. In reply he was told that the hisses were not meant for the King but for the police, whose carelessness was well known. That explanation was not accepted, and on his return from Carlsruhe the King passed through Frankfurt *incognito* and refused to stop on his way. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has had bad taste to place himself in opposition with the Queen of England. The inhabitants of Gotha wished to raise a statue to Prince Albert. Queen Victoria graciously intimated that if the town supplied the pedestal she would provide the statue. The Grand Duke was so injudicious as to feel hurt at the proposal of the inhabitants of Gotha, and refused to subscribe for the expenses of the monument, which very justly offended the Queen."

ITALY.

Private information from Turin confirms the general belief that the indecision with respect to Garibaldi and his followers will yet be terminated by an amnesty. It is difficult to understand why the Government delays it, unless it be to profit by the occasion of the Princess Pia's marriage. It would be connecting with this auspicious event a most joyful recollection.

PORTUGAL.

On the 15th, information was received at Lisbon by telegraph that the 6th Infantry Regiment had mutinied at the town of Braga. Shots were fired, and Major Vasconcellos was killed. Cries were raised against the Government, but cheers were given for the King. Troops have been sent from Lisbon, but it is stated the movement had been suppressed before the arrival of the reinforcements, by some regiments of the garrison of the northern provinces which had not taken part in the outbreak. The people throughout the provinces are loyal to the King.

MEXICO.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following order, issued by General Forey to the army of Mexico, as soon as he arrived at Martinique:—"Soldiers,—One day you asked too much from victory, which habitually marches with your flag, and she was for a moment unfaithful to you; a boastful enemy presumed upon this temporary infidelity to pretend that he had beaten the soldiers of Magenta and Solferino. No, you were not vanquished at Puebla; and, moreover, you took a noble revenge at Acapulco, and later still at Borrego. On May 5, the heroic courage of some few hundreds of the most intrepid amongst you threw itself against an obstacle which you were not strong enough to break, and it is for this reason that the Emperor now sends to your aid sufficient forces to overcome all those difficulties which your numerical weakness could not surmount, in spite of all your bravery. These reinforcements are following me; and it is with equal pleasure and pride that I find myself placed by our much-loved Sovereign at the head of such soldiers as you. You know me, and I know you, and this mutual confidence is the surest guarantee of success. In order

that this success may be prompt and complete, I require from you the most absolute submission, a discipline which must be severe, but which will be but paternal, if you will listen to my advice. You will understand that in a country where disorder is at its height, where brute force holds the place of law and justice, you must, as true French soldiers, set the Mexican nation an example of order, and excite in them a desire to throw off the yoke of those who govern them by violence, and to assume at length their rank among civilised people. It is for you, soldiers of France, who march at the head of these peoples, to inspire the Mexicans with a noble envy of the order and discipline which they will see in your ranks. You will, therefore, respect persons and property; you will scrupulously pay for everything you buy, and you will not dirty your hands or your consciences with riches derived from pillage. You will honour religion and its ministers; you will respect old men, women, and children; you will not disdain the soldiers whom you are going to fight—for in their veins there is noble Castilian blood. But if you are terrible in battle you will show yourselves humane after the victory, and you will treat as brethren those who, ashamed to lend the support of their arms to a Government of violence, may rally to our flag, which is the symbol of right and justice. By such conduct you will prove better than by vain words that it is not against the Mexican nation that you are making war, but against those who oppress it, and lower it in the eyes of those civilised peoples among whom you are now inviting Mexico to take her place. The General of Division and Senator Commanding in Chief of the Expeditionary Corps of Mexico.

"Martinique, August 30.

"FOREY."

AMERICA.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS AT BULL RUN.

The Army Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from "Camp near Chain-bridge" on the 3rd, says:—"The army was not so much disheartened as enraged—willing to fight, but not willing to be sacrificed—denouncing with unanimity that had no exception, the incapacity which had caused the defeat. No one believed that the combined force of the rebels was in front; and as for the battle of Saturday, the men, the officers, the generals who fought it, confess with shame and anger that they were beaten by half their number. The army was not defeated, its commander was out-generaled. He neither knew where his enemy was, nor would suffer himself to be informed. He was warned that the enemy was massing on his left—every soldier knew it, but he disbelieved and denied it; sent batteries and troops to the right, to the centre, to the rear—everywhere but where they were wanted—then, in a moment, found himself surrounded, enveloped, crushed, and defeated. McDowell was censured not less severely than Pope. With the latter his advice was said to have had undue controlling influence. 'The only order Pope gave was the order to retreat.' McDowell fought the battle. Pope leaned only on his advice—yielded him command throughout. It was a blunder from the beginning. 'It is useless,' said an officer, 'to fight under McDowell—I shall do my duty as an officer, but we shall lose every battle where he commands.' I do not know whether I have heard treachery or imbecility most frequently imputed to him. Perhaps oftener he is given the benefit of the alternative. I did not hear one suggestion in his favour—no excuse nor palliation. No order of battle was communicated to generals of any rank. Generals of corps were not told who supported them, who was on their right or left, what movements concerned their own commands or position, or on what plan the battle was fought. I asked a question about the plan. 'Sir, there was no plan. We knew nothing but what we discovered for ourselves. I do not know to this hour who was on my right.' I asked, 'Is it not usual to inform generals of corps or division on such points?' 'Usual! The general who neglects to do it is an imbecile.' A commanding hill in our possession was threatened by a hostile movement in force. General Pope was informed, and was asked to send another battery to hold it. 'If you do not, in fifteen minutes the enemy will be in possession of the hill.' He refused to send it. In ten minutes rebel artillery was playing from that hill on our troops. Generals who fought with the most heroic courage and the most soldierly ability, whose praises are in every one's mouth, speak of the battles in which they have just won honest fame with chagrin and remorse. Their own efforts became futile from the incompetence of their commanding general. Said one to me, 'I must ask to be relieved unless General Pope is removed. I cannot see my men murdered.' I met a general who had led his division in the hottest of the fight with heroic courage and veteran skill. He said, 'I have lost 1,000 men; I dare not go into the hospital and look in the faces of those wounded men who, I know, have shed their blood bravely and in vain.' It was Carl Schurz. The successful movement of the rebels upon the flank and rear of General Pope must be traced not to his want of proper means of information, but his refusal to regard the intelligence that was sent him. He was officially informed of it, but would not believe it, would not even take reasonable precautions against its possibility. He actually withdrew Sigel's corps from his exposed flank, while the enemy were turning that point. Officers stationed in front on the Rappahannock line saw for three days the constant clouds of dust which announced the moving columns to the enemy, but to the eye of the general they gave no sign. He persisted in regarding their success at Culpeper as a mere cavalry dash, and was hardly convinced by Manassas that the enemy had gained his rear in force. From that hour his movements have been followed by nothing but disaster. But it is needless, and I have no time to accumulate evidence on such points. Half the strength of an army is confidence in its commander. That confidence is not given to General Pope. The opinion of his troops is unanimously against him. I saw numerous officers of all ranks in almost every corps of the army. There is no dissent or disagreement. They will not, cannot fight under Pope with confidence. The Army of Virginia demands a 'General.'"

A letter in a New York paper has the following:—"Up to the 6th, not less than 1,000 of our dead at Bull Run still lay unburied—1,000 corpses, black, swollen, and decomposed by a week of hot suns and beating showers, were still refused a covering of earth. Worse than this, as revolting, and more painful, the wounded lay days—long days and long nights, some of them a week of long days and long nights—among those putrid corpses, wanting care for their wounds, wanting food, wanting water, calling in faint voices to occasional passers-by, friend or foe, for help, and receiving none. These are facts, disgraceful as they are stubborn. Although our authorities must have known that the dead still remained on the field, an entire week passed before adequate means were taken to hide in the earth the revolting spectacle. Somewhere there has been gross neglect of duty. The party who were upon the field the entire week gathered and sent to Centerville and on to Alexandria over 1,500 wounded; 925 were sent from the field on Friday and Saturday, all of whom had lain where they fell three or four days before succour came. The search for the poor wretches presented the most heart-rending scenes. My informant says, as he approached the poor lads, they would look eagerly at him, and in tones of touching importunity say, 'Doctor, for God's sake, come to me!' He says, in one small clearing, and in the edges of the woods around and along the excavations for an unfinished railroad, where had been some of the heaviest work of Friday, where Schurz, and Kearney, and Stevens fought, lay ridges of mangled bodies where they fell, the blue-clad corpses of our dead soldiers, and among them were wounded men still uncared for, some of them dying. Some of the gentlemen who were on the field told us that for some time they were so overcome by the unpleasant sights that reached their senses that they could not set themselves about their benevolent labours. The surgeons had provided themselves with

bandages before leaving Washington, and hence were enabled to do justice to each case when reached. The wounded had been paroled and sent within our lines some days previously. The cases which remained were, consequently, almost serious nature. An officer tells me he saw on the battlefield a wounded soldier just at the point of death, who declared that he had shot twice at General McDowell during the engagement. There has unfortunately and unjustly taken possession of the minds of his men the opinion that he is traitorous."

The 18th of September had been appointed by President Davis as a day of fasting and prayer, to render praise to God for the triumphs at Richmond and Manassas.

The following letter was written by Colonel Broadhead, of Michigan, on the battle-field, a few moments before his death, two days having passed through his body:

"Dear Brother and Sister—I am passing now from earth, but you and I love from my dying couch. For all your love and kindness may you be rewarded. I have fought manfully, and now die bravely. I am one of the victims of Pope's imbecility and McDowell's treason. Tell the President, would he save the country he must not give our hallowed flag into such hands. But the old flag will triumph yet—the soldiers will regild its poles, now polluted by imbecility and treason. John, you owe a duty to your country. Write—show up Pope's incompetency, and McDowell's idleness, and force them from places where they can send brave men to assured destruction. I had hoped to live longer, but I die amidst the danger of battle, as I could wish. Farewell! In you and the noble officers of my regiment I confide my wife and children."

A RAM FOR THE CONFEDERATES BUILDING ON THE MERSEY.

It would seem, judging from the contracts now in the hands of the shipbuilders and iron-plate manufacturers of this country, that the Confederate Government is exhibiting as much energy and resolution in the creation of an iron-clad fleet as it has manifested in the series of battles which have thrown the army of the Potomac, defeated and broken, behind the shelter of the defences of Washington. Besides the commissions committed to other shipbuilders by the Southern Confederacy, and which are being pushed forward with all possible despatch, a large iron-plated ram is now being constructed on the Mersey, without much attempt at concealment. We withheld the name of the builder for prudential reasons; but the fact is without question, and the ram, from the high character of the builder, will be a most formidable opponent when equipped for war; and should the blockade of the Southern coast not terminate before her arrival before Charleston, she will attempt to pierce the Federal cruisers with every chance of impunity. In addition to this ram, and other contracts held by our shipbuilders—which, by the way, are highly flattering to their reputation, and which hitherto have been financially discharged with such instance (when completed) with scrupulous punctuality—vessel, now in the Brunswick Dock, the name of which we do not wish to give for obvious reasons, has a cargo contracted principally of iron plates on board, ready to fasten on the sides of Southern vessels waiting their arrival off Charleston. The owners of this vessel are imbued with Southern sentiments; but whether or not, we are too neutral in the gigantic conflict raging across the Atlantic to allude too pointedly to this transaction. It seems very clear, from the present vigorous conduct of the Southern Confederacy, that the South, at no distant period, will possess an iron-clad fleet capable of coping successfully with that of the North as its armies have triumphantly met those of the Federal Government, if but the same flashing spirits that lead the armies of the South can be found to command it. Of one thing, however, we think we can speak with certainty, and that is, that in the vessels built on the Mersey the South will have an advantage over the Federals in strength of build, equipment, and invulnerability. For the rest, their own courage will do, and we may yet hear of the gallant performance of more than our No. 290 before the announcement of peace gladdens the heart of all Europe. At all events, a few such rams as the one now building on the Mersey would make the raising of the Southern blockade an easy task.—*Liverpool Post*.

A MILITARY SCANDAL IN INDIA.

It appears that at Dinapore, in Bengal, on the banks of the Ganges, there was a certain Brigadier B— (the Indian papers discreetly reduce the actors in this little drama to their initials) in command the other day; and at the same station was quartered Lieutenant Colonel W—, of her Majesty's 38th regiment. The Colonel was a married man, and the brigadier, who was a bachelor, was a constant visitor at his house. There was a very close friendship between the two, in fact cemented by some "peculiar obligations" which the brigadier had conferred upon the Colonel. The latter officer was sent up to the hills on duty, and the former, being on an equally friendly footing with the wife as with the husband, continued his visits to the house. There was no harm in that, and all went decorous as a dinner bell, when, in an evil hour—and after a late one, too, we may suppose, for it was at a ball—an accident occurred which gave an occasion for scandal. The brigadier, happening to pass Mrs. W—, laid his hand upon the lady's shoulder, and remarked—"Dear Mrs. W—, would it not be more becoming in ladies to have their dresses made a little higher?" The remark was just one of those which might be a perfectly harmless jest, or it might not. The brigadier was a man advanced in years. The lady's age we, of course, cannot determine, and must decline to guess; but we may take it for granted that she was considerably his junior. Unless, therefore, there was anything offensive in the manner in which it was said or the action by which it was accompanied, the remark was scarcely open to exception. But a young officer by whom it was overheard, Lieutenant E—, the adjutant of the 38th Regiment, chose to put the least favourable construction upon it, and sent next morning on the part of Lieutenant Colonel W—, to demand an apology from the brigadier, giving out his determination to horsewhip that officer in the event of his refusal. The refusal was made, however, on the ground, it may be supposed, that no insult was intended, and the matter was eventually handed up to the Commander-in-Chief. The result was that the brigadier was offered the option of standing a court of inquiry or resigning his command, and "in a chivalrous spirit of forbearance," we are told, he adopted the latter alternative. The principal cause of his Excellency's displeasure, it is added, was that the brigadier failed to take notice of Lieutenant E—'s threat of the horsewhip, which, we are told, the brigadier never heard uttered. The brigadier, we should not omit to notice, bears a very high character, both personal and professional, and has filled several important commands with much credit.

MESSRS. STEEL AND GARLAND of Sheffield have disposed of their beautiful assortment of stoves and fenders, which have been so much admired, to William S. Burton, furnishing ironmonger 83, Colindale-street, London.

STRANGE DISCOVERY OF A MISSING WATCH.—The *Carmerian Herald* states that Mr. Benjamin Jones, farmer of Nauneh, about two years ago, whilst from home on election matters, lost his watch, supposed with an idea that he had been robbed of it, he gave information, which, with a description, number, &c., daily appeared in the *Public Times*. A short time ago, passing through one of his fields, he espied a watch-chain dangling from the cleft in the foot of one of his cows, and upon examination found his long-lost watch had fallen in the fall of a cow's foot. The farmer himself vouches for the truth of the story.

that this success may be prompt and complete, I require from you the most absolute submission, a discipline which must be severe, but which will be but paternal, if you will listen to my advice. You will understand that in a country where disorder is at its height, where brute force holds the place of law and justice, you must, as true French soldiers, set the Mexican nation an example of order, and excite in them a desire to throw off the yoke of those who govern them by violence, and to assume at length their rank among civilised people. It is for you, soldiers of France, who march at the head of these peoples, to inspire the Mexicans with a noble envy of the order and discipline which they will see in your ranks. You will, therefore, respect persons and property; you will scrupulously pay for everything you buy, and you will not dirty your hands or your consciences with riches derived from pillage. You will honour religion and its ministers; you will respect old men, women, and children; you will not disdain the soldiers whom you are going to fight—for in their veins there is noble Castilian blood. But if you are terrible in battle you will show yourselves humane after the victory, and you will treat as brethren those who, ashamed to lend the support of their arms to a Government of violence, may rally to our flag, which is the symbol of right and justice. By such conduct you will prove better than by vain words that it is not against the Mexican nation that you are making war, but against those who oppress it, and lower it in the eyes of those civilised peoples among whom you are now inviting Mexico to take her place. The General of Division and Senator Commanding in Chief of the Expeditionary Corps of Mexico,

"Martinique, August 30. "FORRY."

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THE DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS AT BULL RUN.

The Army Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from "Camp near Chain-bridge" on the 3rd, says:—
"The army was not so much disheartened as enraged—willing to fight, but not willing to be sacrificed—denouncing with unanimity that had no exception, the incapacity which had caused the defeat. No one believed that the combined force of the rebels was in front; and as for the battle of Saturday, the men, the officers, the generals who fought it, confess with shame and anger that they were beaten by half their number. The army was not defeated, its commander was out-generaled. He neither knew where his army was, nor would suffer himself to be informed. He was warned that the enemy was massing on his left—every soldier knew it, but he disobeyed and denied it; sent batteries and troops to the right, to the centre, to the rear—everywhere but where they were wanted—then, in a moment, found himself surrounded, enveloped, crushed, and defeated. McDowell was censured not less severely than Pope. With the latter his advice was said to have had undue controlling influence. The only order Pope gave was the order to retreat. McDowell fought the battle. Pope leaned only on his advice—yielding him command throughout. It was a blunder from the beginning. 'It is useless,' said an officer, to fight under McDowell—I shall do my duty as an officer, but we shall lose every battle where he commands.' I do not know whether I have heard treachery or imbecility most frequently imputed to him. Perhaps oftener he is given the benefit of the alternative. I did not hear one suggestion in his favour—no excuse nor palliation. No order of battle was communicated to generals of any rank. Generals of corps were not told who supported them, who was on their right or left, what movements concerned their own commands or position or on what plan the battle was fought. I asked a question about the plan. 'Sir, there was no plan. We knew nothing but what we discovered for ourselves. I do not know to this hour who was on my right.' I asked, 'Is it not usual to inform generals of corps or division on such points?' 'Usual! The general who neglects to do it is an imbecile.' A commanding hill in our possession was threatened by a hostile movement in force. General Pope was informed, and was asked to send another battery to hold it. 'If you do not, in fifteen minutes the enemy will be in possession of the hill.' He refused to send it. In ten minutes rebel artillery was playing from that hill on our troops. Generals who fought with the most heroic courage and the most soldierly ability, whose praises are in every one's mouth, speak of the battles in which they have just won honest fame with chagrin and remorse. Their own efforts became futile from the incompetence of their commanding general. Said one to me, 'I must ask to be relieved unless General Pope is removed. I cannot see my men murdered.' I met a general who had led his division in the hottest of the fight with heroic courage and veteran skill. He said, 'I have lost 1,000 men; I did not go into the hospital and look in the faces of those wounded men who, I know, have shed their blood bravely and in vain.' It was Carl Schurz. The successful movement of the rebels upon the flank and rear of General Pope must be traced not to his want of proper means of information, but his refusal to regard the intelligence that was sent him. He was officially informed of it, but would not believe it, would not even take reasonable precautions against its possibility. He actually withdrew Sigel's corps from his exposed flank, while the enemy were turning that point. Officers stationed in front on the Rappahannock line saw for three days the constant clouds of dust which announced the moving columns to the enemy, but to the eye of the general they gave no sign. He persisted in regarding their success at Gettysburg as a mere cavalry dash, and was hardly convinced by Manassas that the enemy had gained his rear in force. From that hour his movements have been followed by nothing but disaster. But it is needless, and I have no time to accumulate evidence on such points. Half the strength of an army is confidence in its commander. That confidence is not given to General Pope. The opinion of his troops is unanimously against him. I saw numerous officers of all ranks in almost every corps of the army. There is no dissent or disagreement. They will not, cannot fight under Pope with confidence. The Army of Virginia demands a General."

A letter in a New York paper has the following:—"Up to the 6th, not less than 1,000 of our dead at Bull Run still lay unburied—1,000 corpses, black, swollen, and decomposed by a week of hot suns and beating showers, were still refused a covering of earth. Worse than this, as revolting, and more painful, the wounded lay days—long days and long nights, some of them a week of long days and long nights—among those putrid corpses, wanting care for their wounds, wanting food, wanting water, calling in faint voices to occasional passers-by, friend or foe, for help, and receiving none. These are facts, disgraceful as they are stubborn. Although our authorities must have known that the dead still remained on the field, an entire week passed before adequate means were taken to hide in the earth the revolting spectacle. Somewhere there has been gross neglect of duty. The party who were upon the field the entire week gathered and sent to Centerville and on to Alexandria over 1,500 wounded; 925 were sent from the field on Friday and Saturday, all of whom had lain where they fell three or four days before succour came. The search for the poor wretches preceded the most heart-rending scenes. My informant says, as he approached the poor lads, they would look eagerly at him, and in tones of touching importunity say, 'Doctor, for God's sake, come to me!' He says, in one small clearing, and in the edges of the woods around and along the excavations for an unfinished railroad, where had been some of the heaviest work of Friday, where Schurz, and Kearney, and Stevens fought, lay ridges of mangled bodies where they fell, the blue-clad corpses of our dead soldiers, and among them were wounded men still uncared for, some of them dying. Some of the gentlemen who were on the field tell us that for some time they were so overcome by the unpleasant sights that they reached their senses that they could not set themselves about their benevolent labours. The surgeons had provided themselves with

bandages before leaving Washington, and hence were enabled to do justice to each case when reached. The country wounded had been paroled and sent within our lines, some by the express. The cases which remained were, consequently, the most serious nature. An officer tells me he saw on the battlefield a wounded soldier just at the point of death, who declared that he had that day shot twice at General McDowell during the engagement. There has unfortunately and unjustly taken possession of the minds of his men the opinion that he is treacherous! The 18th of September had been appointed by President Davis as a day of fasting and prayer, to render praise to God for the triumph at Richmond and Manassas.

The following letter was written by Colonel Broadhead, of Michigan, on the battle-field, a few moments before his death, two days having passed through his body:

"Dear Brother and Sister—I am passing now from earth, but you will love from my dying couch. For all your love and kindness may you be rewarded. I have fought manfully, and now die bravely. I am one of the victims of Pop's imbecility and McDowell's treason. Tell the President, would he save the country he must not give our hallowed flag into such hands. But the old flag will triumph yet—the soldiers will regild its poles, now polluted by imbecility and treason. John, you owe a duty to your country. Write—show up Pop's incompetency, and McDowell's imbecility, and force them from places where they can send brave men to assured destruction. I had hoped to live longer, but I die amidst the danger of battle, as I could wish. Farewell! In you and the noble officers of my regiment I confide my wife and children."

A RAM FOR THE CONFEDERATES BUILDING ON THE MERSEY.

It would seem, judging from the contracts now in the hands of the shipbuilders and iron-plate manufacturers of this country, that the Confederate Government is exhibiting as much energy and determination in the creation of an iron-clad fleet as it has manifested in the series of battles which have thrown the army of the Potomac, defeated and broken, behind the shelter of the defences of Washington. Besides the commissions committed to other shipbuilders by the Southern Confederacy, and which are being pushed forward with all possible despatch, a large iron-plated ram is now being constructed on the Mersey, without much attempt at concealment. We withheld the name of the builder for prudential reasons; but the fact is without question, and the ram, from the high character of the builder, will be a most formidable opponent when equipped for sea; and should the blockade of the Southern coast not terminate before her arrival before Charleston, she will attempt to pass the Federal cruisers with every chance of impunity. In addition to this ram, and other contracts held by our shipbuilders—which, by the way, are highly flattering to their reputation, and which hitherto have been financially discharged by each instance (when completed) with scrupulous punctuality—a vessel, now in the Brunswick Dock, the name of which we do not wish to give for obvious reasons, has a cargo consisting principally of iron plates on board, ready to fasten on the sides of Southern vessels waiting their arrival out at Charleston. The owners of this vessel are imbued with Southern sentiments; but whether or not we are too neutral in the gigantic conflict raging across the Atlantic to allude too pointedly to this transaction. It seems very clear, from the present vigorous conduct of the Southern Confederacy, that the South, at no distant period, will possess an iron-clad fleet capable of coping as successfully with that of the North as its armies have triumphantly met those of the Federal Government, if but the same dashing spirits that lead the armies of the South can be found to command it. Of one thing, however, we think we can speak with certainty, and that is, that in the vessels built on the Mersey the South will have an advantage over the Federals in strength of build, equipment, and invulnerability. For the rest, their own courage will do, and we may yet hear of the gallant performance of more than one No. 290 before the announcement of peace gladdens the heart of all Europe. At all events, a few such rams as the one now building on the Mersey would make the raising of the Southern blockade an easy task.—*Liverpool Post*.

A MILITARY SCANDAL IN INDIA.

It appears that at Dinapore, in Bengal, on the banks of the Ganges, there was a certain Brigadier B— (the Indian journals discreetly reduce the actors in this little drama to their initials) in command the other day; and at the same station was quartered Lieutenant Colonel W—, of her Majesty's 38th regiment. The colonel was a married man, and the brigadier, who was a bachelor, was a constant visitor at his house. There was a very close friendship between the two, in fact cemented by some "peculiar obligations" which the brigadier had conferred upon the colonel. The latter officer was sent up to the hills on duty, and the former, being an equally friendly footing with the wife as with the husband, continued his visits to the house. There was no harm in that, and all went decorous as a dinner bell, when, in an evil hour—and rather a late one, too, we may suppose, for it was at a ball—an incident occurred which gave an occasion for scandal. The brigadier, appearing to pass Mrs. W—, laid his hand upon the lady's shoulder, and remarked—"Dear Mrs. W—, would it not be more becoming in ladies to have their dresses made a little higher?" The remark was just one of those which might be a perfectly harmless one, or it might not. The brigadier was a man advanced in years. The lady's age, we, of course, cannot determine, and must decline to guess; but we may take it for granted that she was considerably his junior. Unless, therefore, there was anything offensive in the manner in which it was said or the action by which it was accompanied, the remark was scarcely open to exception. But a young officer by whom it was overheard, Lieutenant E—, the adjutant of the 38th Regiment, chose to put the least favourable construction upon it, and sent next morning on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel W—, to demand an apology from the brigadier, giving out his determination to horsewhip that officer in the event of his refusal. The refusal was made, however, on the ground, it may be supposed, that no insult was intended, and the matter was eventually handed up to the Commander-in-chief. The result was that the brigadier was offered the option of standing a court of inquiry or resigning his command, and "in a chivalrous spirit of forbearance," we are told, he adopted the latter alternative. The principal cause of his Excellency's displeasure, it is added, was that the brigadier failed to take notice of Lieutenant E—'s threat of a horsewhip, which, we are told, the brigadier never heard uttered. The brigadier, we should not omit to notice, bears a very high character, both personal and professional, and has filled several important commands with much credit.

MESSES STEEL AND GARLAND of Sheffield have disposed of the beautiful assortment of stoves and fenders, which have been so much admired, to William S. Burton, furnishing ironmonger 83, Oxford-street, London.

STRANGE DISCOVERY OF A MISSING WATCH.—The *Carmerian Herald* states that Mr. Benjamin Jones, farmer of Naumch, about two years ago, whilst from home on election matters, lost his watch, impressed with an idea that he had been robbed of it, he gave information, which, with a description, number, &c., daily appeared in the *Police Gazette*. A short time ago, passing through one of his fields, he espied a watch-chain dangling from the cleft in the foot of one of his cows, and upon examination found his long-lost watch imbedded in the fall of a cow's foot. The farmer himself vouches for the truth of the story.

Provincial News.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—SCHEME OF AN EX-TOWN COUNCIL.—The career of Mr. Isaac Nixon, cooper, North-shore, and bar-house-keeper in Richmond-street, Newcastle, has been brought to a sad termination. He left his residence in Richmond-street with the intention of going to his workshop; and he returned home about half past five o'clock in the afternoon. After having some words with his wife, and threatening to set the house on fire, he retired to his bedroom upstairs. A man named John Frazer lives in a house from which a view can be obtained of the interior of the bedrooms of Mr. Nixon's house, and about a quarter to six that person saw deceased in a reclining position against a chest of drawers, with his head hanging down. Fearing that something was wrong, he made his way to the house of the deceased, when, in company with some of the family, he opened the bedroom door, and found that his cravat was attached to the knob-handle of one of the drawers, which was about on a level with his neck. His knees were bent, his head hanging down, and, though his feet touched the ground, yet the whole weight of his body was depending on the drawer handle and his cravat—one of blue silk. Life was quite extinct, although the body was quite warm. Frazer cut the body down, and surgeons were sent for, but their assistance was not required. Mr. Nixon was elected a town-councillor for East All Saints ward on the 9th November, 1869, along with Mr. David Burn, after a severe contest, and though the election caused some astonishment at the time, he retained his seat, until March 6, 1871, when he resigned in consequence of his bankruptcy. He had occupied the beerhouse in Richmond-street about a year and a half. He has left a wife and several children, his eldest son being about sixteen years old.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

MURDER OF A SHIPMASTER.—Mr. Reed the corner for South Northumberland, opened an inquest in the Town-hall, North Shields upon the body of Mr. Richard Sprague, master and owner of the schooner Dexteros, of Brigham, who died from the effects of violence received by him in the Borough-road. His vessel had arrived in the Tyne and was taking in a cargo of coal in the Tyne Docks. He had come down to Shields to the Sussex Arms, a house of call for west country captains, and after staying there some time had gone to an eating-house, and had some supper, and strolled on the New Quay, and from thence into the Borough-road, where he had got into the company of a woman. It appears that she took him to a lonely part of that road, and then, with the assistance of an accomplice, she attempted to rob him. He was a powerful man, and successfully resisted them, but the ruffian who had attacked him picked up a brick and felled him with it to the ground. Before, however, they could succeed in robbing him two men were seen coming up the road, and they fled. Mr. Sprague had nearly £20 upon him and a gold watch and guard, but his murderers got neither. The coroner's inquest has been adjourned until the 1st of October, to give the police time to trace out the murderers.

YORKSHIRE.—FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—An accident of a fatal character, and under peculiarly painful circumstances, occurred on Monday last, at South Hunsley, about six miles from Beverley. Immediately after breakfast on the morning of the above day Mr. John Trevis Duesbery and his brother Charles, sons of Mr. W. D. T. Duesbery, of Beverley, well known as an East Riding magistrate, left their father's house for a day's shooting at Hunsley-farm, occupied by Mr. Barugh, but belonging to Mr. Duesbery. About one o'clock the brothers separated, with the understanding that they were shortly to meet at Mr. Barugh's house for lunch, and took different directions in quest of game. What followed beyond the melancholy fact of the accident is to a great extent simply matter for conjecture. Very soon after the separation Mr. Charles Duesbery heard the report of a gun, but this might have been expected, and naturally enough he took no further notice of it at the time. Later on, however, finding that his brother did not return, a search was made, and the body of the unfortunate young gentleman was found lying at the foot of the gate leading out of a field near Mr. Barugh's house. A double-barrelled gun was by the side of the body, the right-hand barrel being discharged, and from the fact that the trigger of the other barrel was at half-cock it is supposed that as the unfortunate gentleman was getting over the gate he slipped, and in endeavouring to save himself suddenly jerked up his gun, and the trigger of the right-hand barrel no doubt was forced against the gate and caused the discharge. The contents of the barrel entered the right eye, and completely carried away the upper part of the deceased's head. The inquest was held at Mr. Barugh's house the next day, before Mr. E. D. Conyers, the coroner of the Driffield district, when a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. The deceased gentleman was about thirty-one years of age, and unmarried.

WARWICKSHIRE.—SUICIDE THROUGH LOVE.—An inquest was held at Birmingham, by Dr. Bird Davies, respecting the death of Harriet Elizabeth Gregory, who had poisoned herself on the 16th inst. A letter was found, in the handwriting of the deceased to the following effect:—"Dear Mother,—John Phillips is the cause of my death, and he has behaved in an improper manner to me. I felt I could not live any longer, so I've put an end to my unhappiness." Here the letter finishes. Deceased had a peer as if she could not do her work, and seemed "moldered." John Phillips, whose testimony was given at his own option, said: I am a photographer. About two months since the deceased stated to me that she would destroy herself. She laughed when she told me, and I didn't think there was anything in it. I have nothing to add to this statement. The coroner here read the extract from the letter of the deceased to her mother, stating that John Phillips had behaved to her in an improper manner, &c., but the witness doggedly declined to afford any explanation on that point. The jury found a verdict of "Suicide while labouring under insanity."

LANCASHIRE.—THE RECENT CASE OF CHILD BURNING IN PRESTON.—Last week we gave the particulars of an atrocious act of cruelty on the part of a woman named Margaret Marsden, the wife of a labourer residing in Preston. In a fit of drunkenness she threw her female infant, two years of age, on the fire. The child was rescued by its grandmother, and afterwards received medical attendance, but it subsequently died. Mr. M. Myers held an inquest on the body at the police-court in Preston. The mother of the child was present in custody. The prisoner, who appeared to be deeply distressed in mind, told the jury that it was all owing to the curse of drink; that she had fallen asleep while intoxicated, with the child on her lap, and on awaking she put the infant on the fire, imagining that she was placing it in its cradle. The jury returned a verdict, "That the death had been caused by the child being placed on the fire," and the prisoner was therefore committed on the coroner's warrant to take her trial at the next Lancaster Assizes for manslaughter.

S-MENESTHIRE.—HEARTLESS CASE OF CHILD DESERTION.—What seems to be a very heartless case of child desertion has come under the notice of the police in the neighbourhood of Bath. Two little children, who state their names to be William and Topsy Taylor, and whose ages respectively are—the boy twelve, and the girl eight years old, were found on Friday, hungry, tired, and footsore, at Bath, and having attracted the notice of some kind-hearted citizens, they were interrogated as to who and what they were, and how they came to be wanderers unaccompanied by anyone to take care of them. They gave their names as above, and said they belonged to Cardiff. Their story was that their father brought them to Bristol, and having kissed them, and given them a farthing, told them to walk to London. They stated that they had walked all the way to Bath, and their statement is to a great extent con-

firmed by the fact of their having been met when on the road by one of the county police. Mrs. Shelley, of Colton prison, who rationally took them into her house, fed them well, and housed them both, and they have since, we believe, been taken charge of by the police.—*Bristol Mercury*.

THE METROPOLITAN, OR UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

ON page 801, is an illustration of this long-tailed and novel undertaking now approaching completion. It is not all, or nearly, underground, as its name would imply. If two-thirds of its length can be fairly described in that term, we believe the extent of the truth will be reached; it is not one long tunnel, but several vaulted lengths of road, alternating with open cuttings. It is but three years since the scheme was in *nubibus*; it is now solidly planted in the firmest earth, and is in a fair way to fructify. In connection with the traffic also, are several novelties, thus, the locomotives are supplied with a condensing apparatus, by which not only the steam is got rid of, which, in a tunnel is inconvenient as interfering with the signalling, but it has been judiciously decided also, that the light shall be carried with the train, instead of falling on it from the sides of the tunnel. In the latter case there would be liability to mistakes of signals; while by the first-mentioned plan the passenger travels in one even illumination, and is at the same time unconscious of the tunnels being dark, as the train lights up the walls in its transit.

The Edgware-road station is a very handsome edifice, which few would suppose to be underground. It is faced outside with Bansom's stone; and, being built in one of the open sites purchased by the company, is simply glazed over, and thus visited by a tolerably fair share of daylight. In addition, however, it boasts a fine double row of spherical glass lamps, which greatly enhance its imposing appearance. From Edgware-road to Finnerley-street, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, the light of day is visible through the tunnel. The Baker-street station is under Marybone-road, and is approached on either side through buildings and by flight of stairs leading down to the platforms. To these daylight is admitted by elongated oval eyelets, of great size, in the arches of the side walls. The apertures in question slope upwards, and join at right angles a long trench, like which they are lined with Minton's tiles, of pure glazed white. The trench is in the gardens of the houses on each side of the roadway above, and is covered with a glass pavement of sufficient strength to bear the weight of pedestrians. Taking this station for an example of the others, we may remark that the Portland cement used in its construction was supplied by Messrs. Lee, Son, and Smith, who have also furnished a great deal of the hydraulic lime used throughout the works. The stoves and gas-brackets are fitted by the Colebrook Dale Company.

The Portland-road station deserves notice, as it differs from all the others, and possesses a peculiar merit in its arrangements for lighting and ventilation. It is placed in a green oval enclosure, near Trinity Church. This plot of ground was bought by the Metropolitan Railway Company from the Crown. One building here serves for all the offices, and only one set of clerks will be required; whereas on all the other stations on the road two book-offices are necessary, one on each side. Mr. Johnson, who, subject to the approval of the principal engineer, Mr. Fowler, is the architect and designer of the whole line, deserves especial commendation for this part of his work. Of Gower-street station we need only say that it is a counterpart of the one at Baker-street, eyelets and all. The King's-cross station is very spacious, being calculated for a large amount of passenger traffic. Indeed the authorities of the Great Northern Railway believe that it will ultimately take the place of their station for short distances. Here are the junctions with the Great Northern, which practically extend that line to the City, just as the junction at Paddington performs that office for the Great Western. Thus we have two great railways brought to one point in the heart of the metropolis, without change of carriage or even stoppage. The mixed gauge, which is a characteristic of the Metropolitan line, accommodates both its great tributaries; the broad powerful engines of the Great Western striding the widest span of rails, while the Great Northern locomotives will run on the smaller compass of roadway. From King's-cross to the temporary station near Farringdon-street which for the present terminates this line, the cutting is principally open. The station is built a little off the intended main line to Finsbury, so as to avoid interference with the junction which will occur here with the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, making a continuous extension to the Crystal Palace, and, of course, to the southern coast of the kingdom. By means of the Victoria station at Finsbury, and the West London Railway, we shall thus have a complete circuit of the metropolis. Engineers and practical persons generally are, we believe, opposed to the scheme of one central station for all metropolitan lines. A circle is much more likely to meet the requirements of the travelling public; and this is the very plan on which Mr. Fowler himself has lately been consulted in reference to the Parisian line.

No sooner will the Metropolitan Railway be open between Bishop's-road, Paddington, and the Victoria street station, in the City, than the extension of the line to Smithfield and Finsbury-circus, within 400 yards of the Bank of England, will be begun. The communication between the abattoirs at the new cattle market and the meat market, which is to be erected in Smithfield, will be one of the great benefits accruing from this spirited enterprise. Another boon will be specially conferred on the poor. By their Act, the Metropolitan Railway Company are bound to run a morning and evening train at the uniform fare of one penny for the entire distance.

Nothing can be more unexceptionably good than the ventilation of this railway. There is always a strong current, which is observed generally to take the direction of the wind above ground. Portland-road station forms the summit of two gradients, one of which slopes eastward to King's-cross, and the other westward down to Edgware-road. There were two separate currents easily distinguishable at this high point of ground, both descending in opposite directions. Now, it is the well-known tendency of all heated or vitiated air to ascend, and, without attempting to account for the phenomenon we have described, we may, at all events, assume it to prove that the atmosphere of this tunnelling is pure. In deed, we are not at all certain that it will be the worst place to come to when London fogs prevail. It may be further remarked that the frequent trains, acting as pistons, form splendid ventilators themselves.

A BEDRIDDEN PAUPER.—A young woman, who had been bed-ridden seven years, and during that time had received 5s. a week from the parish of Guzyance, besides a great deal of private charity, was, last week brought to the Union Workhouse, Alnwick. She demanded a nurse, butter and jelly at breakfast, and a pair of crutches; but on learning that Mr. Young, the master, had called for the doctor she suddenly rose, dressed, leaped over a stone wall four feet in height, and ran a quarter of a mile before she was captured.

SINGULAR DEATH FROM PASSION.—Dr. Lancaster held an inquest on Saturday at Islington, on the body of John Day, painter, aged sixty-nine, residing at 40, Sweeting-street. A man called at the house and demanded payment of a sum of money. An altercation took place. The deceased flew into a violent passion, and as the men were preparing to fight, fell on the ground insensible. Dr. Smith, of Caledonian-road, was sent for, but before he could arrive the deceased was dead. A *post-mortem* examination proved the cause of death to be rupture of a blood-vessel, and a verdict to that effect was recorded.

MONT BLANC.

THE Valley of Chamounix and Mont Blanc, immortalised by the lamented Albert Smith, is now one of the regular stock excursions at this period of the year, with tourists from all parts of the world, but more particularly with Englishmen, with that inherent love of daring and arduous enterprises for which our countrymen are renowned, and which a trip to the mountain passes and glaciers of Mont Blanc offer so many opportunities of seeing. Chamounix, the village at the foot of Mont Blanc is now full to overflowing, and a view of the scenery in this locality is now therefore especially interesting. The celebrated valley of Chamounix is in the province of Faucigny, in Savoy, now incorporated with the dominions of the King of Italy. Its length is about twelve miles, and its breadth at the bottom in most parts exceeds a mile; but, including the mountain slopes and sides, is as much as nine miles in breadth, and may be reckoned twenty-two miles in length, from its head at the Col-de-Balmé to its outlet at the torrent of the Dioza, near Lervoz. Its average height above the sea is about 3,400 feet. The impetuous little river Arve rises at its upper end, and intersects it in its entire length. The average height of the mountain range on the south side of Chamounix is about 5,000 feet, a singular series of majestic pyramids, called Aiguilles or Needles, constitute one of the chief features, some of them attaining the height of 13,000 feet above the sea level. Between these are situated the numerous glaciers that constitute one of the attractions. "Could we," says Mr. Rakewell, "suppose a torrent a mile in breadth, several hundred feet in depth to be descending down the side of a mountain, rolling waves over each other more than fifty feet in height, and the whole to be instantly consolidated, and split into angular fragments on the surface we might have a tolerable correct notion of a glacier." Above all towers Mont Blanc 15,792 feet above the sea.

Our description of this interesting neighbourhood, would be imperfect without some account of the ascent of the monarch of mountains. This was many times attempted before it was accomplished. The eminent naturalist Saussure in 1760 in his zeal for science offered a reward for the discovery of a path to the summit, but it led to nothing. In 1775, 1783, and 1785 unsuccessful attempts were made by large parties of guides, the last of which led accidentally to its ultimate accomplishment. One of the guides, Jacques Balmat by name, having strayed from the rest in his search after minerals lost his way, and being overtaken by darkness was compelled to pass the night alone on the ice, upwards of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The vigour of youth, and a constitution naturally strong, enabled him to withstand the effects of so trying an exposure; and when morning came, he was fortunate enough to discover a route which seemed to afford the long desired access to the summit. On his return to the village he was seized with severe illness, the result of the extreme fatigue and exposure he had undergone, and was attended by Dr. Peccard, to whom, as a mark of gratitude he communicated his discovery, offering at the same time to show the doctor, on his recovery, the way to the summit. The offer was accepted, and on the 2nd of August, 1786, these two daring adventurers set out upon this memorable expedition. They reached before night the Glacier des Bossons, where they slept, and at four in the morning were again on their journey. At half-past six in the evening they attained the summit of Mont Blanc, and stood triumphantly on a spot of ground no one had reached, before. Here they remained but half an hour, the cold being so intense that their provisions were frozen, the mercury in their thermometer being 13° below the freezing point. They experienced great difficulty in descending, their sight being injured by the reflection from the snow. The King of Sardinia made Balmat a handsome present, and a subscription was raised for him. Saussure, as soon as he heard of

VIEWS OF MONT BLANC.



No. 1.—THE FOOT OF THE GRAND MULET ROCKS.



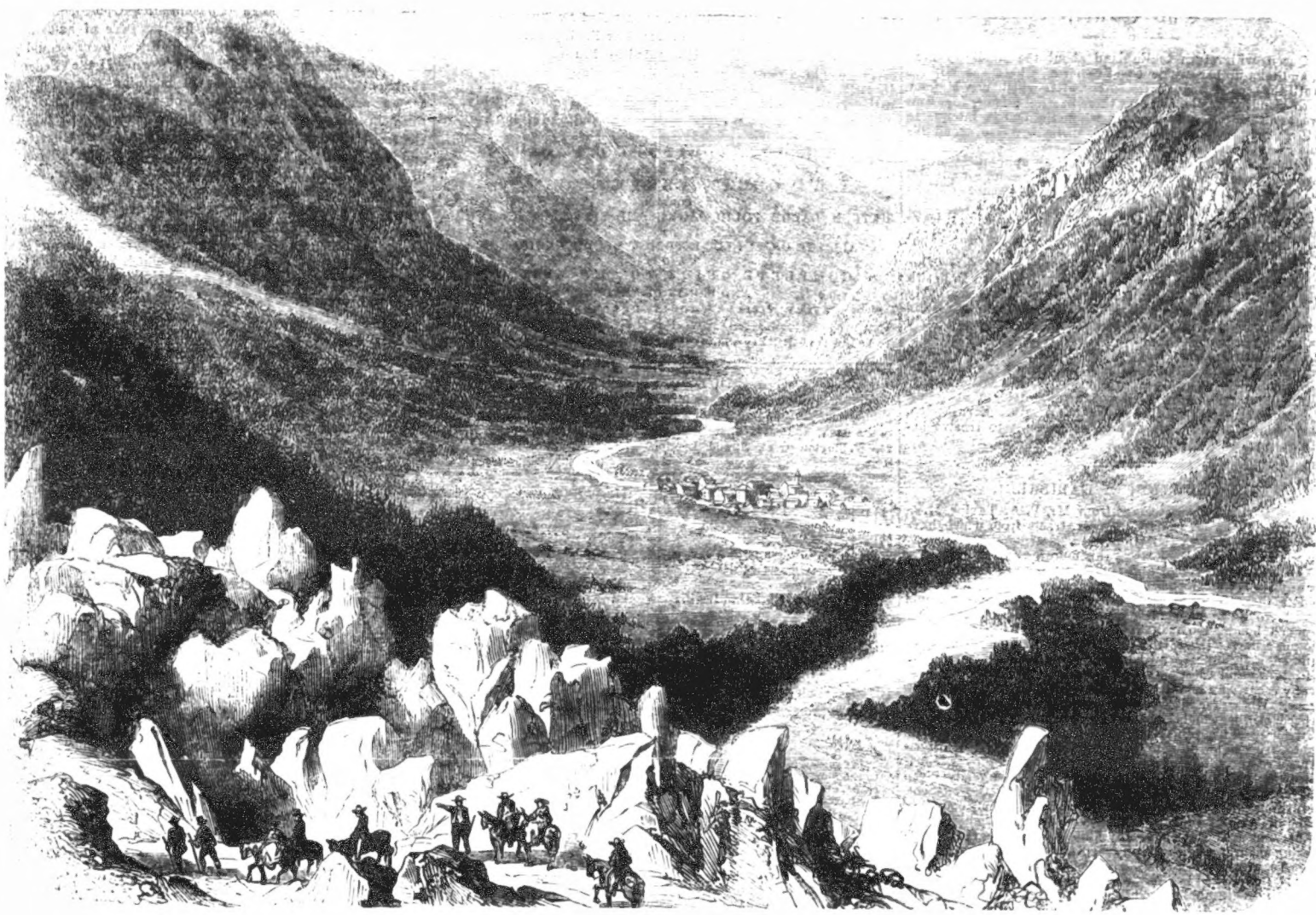
No. 2.—HUT ON THE GRAND MULET ROCKS.

this success lost no time in mounting to the summit (his ambition for thirty years) accompanied by eighteen guides. Since this time a number of persons have succeeded in attaining it, among them the late Mr. Albert Smith, with whose name the Valley of Chamounix and Mont Blanc are indelibly associated. For years Mr. Smith spent his vacation tours here, and by his many acts of kindness to the guides and villagers became the most honoured of visitors; his annual return was eagerly looked for, and his departure sincerely regretted. His accomplishment of the ascent he himself has immortalised, in his elegant entertainment, and heartfelt were the expressions of regret by the inhabitants of the valley when the news reached them of his untimely death. Mr. Smith's vivid and interesting description has prompted *troups* of tourists to visit this region, and no more popular continental trip there now is than the Valley of Chamounix.

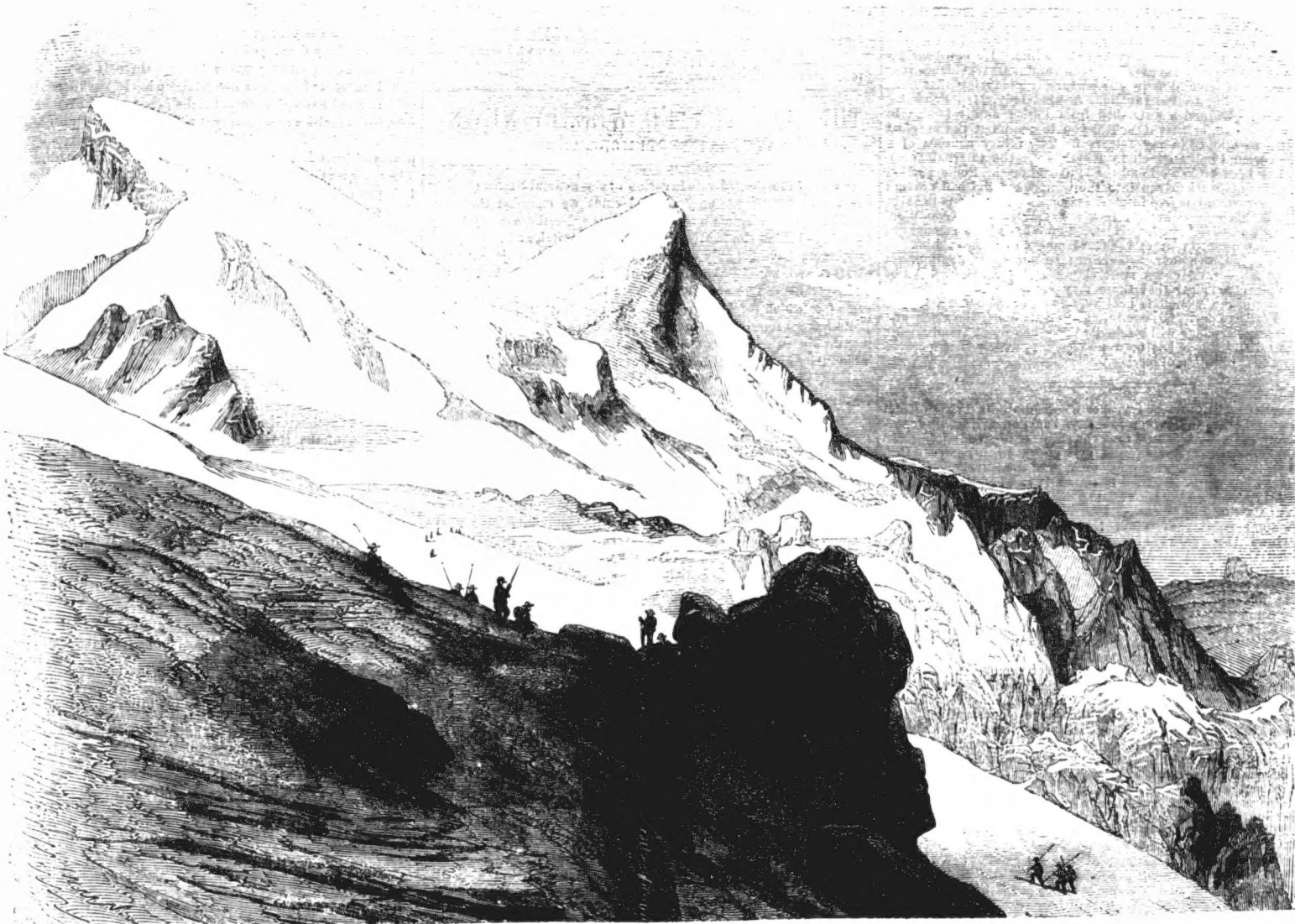
SUFFERINGS AT SEA.

THE barque Petrel, Captain Evans, from Liverpool, which arrived here on Thursday, had on board a French Canadian fisherman, picked up in a boat found drifting in the Gulf, the last survivor of a party of eight. We have learned the following facts of this most melancholy affair.—About five o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 14th of August, while off Seven Islands, a boat was discovered, with several persons in her, drifting about, and apparently disabled. The ship was hove to, and, nearing the boat, it was found to contain but one person alive, with three others lying dead. As soon as possible the survivor was taken on board, and by the aid of restoratives, warm clothing, and nutriment, under the kind treatment of Captain Evans and officers of the Petrel, he soon recovered. His story is a sad and lamentable one. It appears that several days previous he, with seven others, French Canadians, had left one of the Seven Islands in the boat to go on a fishing voyage. When out a short time, a squall arose, which capsized the boat, and three out of the eight immediately found a watery grave. The others managed to turn her up again, and three of the party succeeded in getting in to bail her out, the other two clinging to her sides. While in this act, a sudden gust of wind started the mast, and she capsized a second time. One of the men having by this time become exhausted, let go his hold, and sank to rise no more. This reduced the number to four, who still clung to the boat, and after a great deal of difficulty, succeeded in righting her once more, the sea running heavy all the time. With the superhuman efforts of men struggling for their lives, they still held on, and one of them succeeded in getting into her, and with the aid of a moccasin managed to bail her out sufficiently to float, when the others were taken on board. From this time forward their sufferings became intense and horrible. All night long the boat drifted about in the rough sea, the men working as well as they could to keep her afloat, until they were worn out with exhaustion and hunger, three of them dropped off and fell dead in the bottom. The only remaining survivor remained in this condition for five days longer, the boat sometimes drifting to the south, sometimes to the north, but all the time out of sight of shipping or the land. When picked up, the poor fellow's arms were found bleeding in many places, where he had bitten himself to satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst. When taken on board the Petrel, the life was just in him, and no more; his mind wandered, and he spoke, in a low tone, in French, which the crew of the Petrel could not understand. The survivor and two of his companions belong to St. Thomas, the other five to Berthier, the next village below.—*Quebec Vindicator.*

On Sunday afternoon last the Venerable Henry Drury, Vicar of Bromhill-cum-Foxham and Highway, near Calne, in the county of Wilts, and Chaplain of the House of Commons, read himself in at Salisbury Cathedral as Archdeacon of Wilts.



No. 3.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNIX.



No. 4.—THE GLACIER DES BOSSONS.

The Court.

THE Queen will return to England about the middle of next month, and take up her residence at Osborne, where she will remain until the second week of December, after which her Majesty will go to Windsor Castle, and stay there in strict privacy for about ten days, and then return to Osborne, where the Queen intends to spend her Christmas. The Prince of Wales will also spend his Christmas in England.—*Court Journal*

THE Prince of Wales arrived at Reinhardtbrunn, on Saturday. His Royal Highness was attended by Colonel the Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, Lieutenant-General Knollys, and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, A.D.C.

EARL RUSSELL had an audience of the Queen, and took leave upon his return to England. He will be succeeded by Earl Granville as Minister in attendance upon her Majesty.

A LETTER from Reinhardtbrunn (Gotha) of the 15th says:—"Our august visitor, Queen Victoria, appears to have improved in health since her arrival in our mountains, and now looks remarkably well. In fact there has never been any sign of the indisposition mentioned by certain journals. The Queen goes out regularly twice a day, either in a carriage or on foot, even in showery weather. The Princes walk out frequently. Prince Arthur, accompanied by his tutor, has ascended the Inselberg, the highest point of the Thuringerwald. During this excursion he had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, and was carried down the mountain by his guide. The Queen will remain till the end of the month. Earl Russell, who is staying at Gotha, comes here occasionally to receive her Majesty's commands."

THE CONDITION OF GARIBALDI.

A PRIVATE letter has been received from Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., dated Spezzia, Sept. 17, the following extracts from which have been forwarded to us for publication:—

"We went by boat to the fortress this morning, some five miles off. The general's room and surroundings are too barrack-like for any idea of comfort as an Englishman understands it, but to a soldier these things neither seem nor are what they would seem and be to us under similar conditions. Still, I think there is too much bustle, too many managers, and so forth. I felt a want to put a despot there, who should rule with a firm hand, and with unseen and unheard authority. The main elements, however, of interest and affection are evidently there, and probably to hardly any other man could the little over-much of bustle be so innocuous. His calm, his wonderful serenity of demeanour seems not to heed, still less to be excited by, the surroundings. When Mr. Partridge went into his room to examine the wound I remained in an ante-room, not willing to add another to the already sufficient number. Presently, however, the examination being over, Garibaldi sent for me and held out his hand. I have already given you above, in two words, the impression produced at the moment, and returning afterwards—"wonderful serenity," calm, courteous and tranquil; thankful for the least service rendered by any of his attendants—an utter absence of anything like the peevishness of a suffering man, yet without any appearance of pressure or the exercise of control over himself. It was an atmosphere of moral elevation. I expressed in a few words the profound sympathy we all feel for and with him, and which I felt justified in saying was shared by all England. He thanked me warmly, or rather earnestly, and said it was not the first time he had had to express his thanks to my country. I expressed also the hope that he would be able to maintain that quiet and rest so essential to his early recovery, as Italy and all of us would have much need of him. He acquiesced, and presently pointed to a seat by the bed, hoping I should "pardon that he could not talk much." The doctors soon concluded their consultation, and we took leave. He appears less ill than I was prepared to find him, but his limbs are, they say, much fallen away. While we were there he was supporting himself in a sitting posture by grasping a rope stretched above him. He can bear no motion of the leg without great suffering, and there is evidence that the necessity of remaining in one posture is producing that soreness so distressing to the invalid. A kind lady, Mrs. Schwabe, has already obtained a water-bed from Paris; and it is also to obviate this danger that I asked you to send out the surgical apparatus mentioned in my telegram. The injury consists of a gun-shot wound half an inch in length, over the internal angle, which has been broken off and the joint laid open. Some portion of the garments were driven into the wound, but the ball did not enter. The wound is free from inflammation, and the patient is, as regards his general health, in a not unsatisfactory condition. The great necessity is perfect quiet. There have been rumours of an intention on the part of the Government to remove him. It can be but foolish rumour. There can be no such intention. It would be murder. Months must elapse before the injury can be cured, and there is fear that there may remain a stiff joint. The appearance of the wound is healthy, and the suppuration is also free and satisfactory. His condition is a little under the mark, and I think Mr. Partridge will gradually try if he cannot stand a more generous diet. There has been no bleeding, which is a mercy—merely the application of leeches."

VIRTUE REWARDED.—A traveller who had alighted at the Hotel du Cheval Blanc, at Havre, a few days back, on taking his departure dropped on some straw near the stable a bag containing £56 in gold and silver. It was found by a poor woman named Santi, having a large family, who, on the return of the traveller to search for his lost treasure, hastened to return it to him. The stranger generously rewarded the poor woman with one franc (10d.).

EVERLASTING PERFUMES.—The extraordinary tenacity with which some substances retain their odiferous properties has often been the subject of remark of scientific investigation. Amongst the most persistent perfumes may be mentioned musk, a small portion of which, it is said, has been known to emit in one day fifty-seven millions of atoms, filling an entire room, without any sensible diminution of its weight. A powerful odour is so readily communicated to other objects that it was found necessary by the East India Company to forbid its importation in vessels engaged in carrying tea. Ambergris also possesses an odour, so strong, that a box of it opened for a few minutes will perfume a room so effectually that washing will not remove it. That the ancients were renowned for their preparations of odiferous balsams and unguents, we have the assurance of history, which is confirmed by the discoveries that are constantly being made in the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, of alabaster and onyx bottles, containing perfumed substances, which, after the lapse of two or three thousand years are still fragrant with odours that appear to be undying. The combination of powerful and permanent perfumes, and the fixing of more volatile odours, so as to produce one harmonious and enduring fragrance, would seem to be a secret that has hitherto baffled the skill, and eluded the grasp of the modern perfumer, if we may judge from the unsuccessful attempts which have been made to imitate the extraordinary perfumed preparations of the ancients. The *Curiosa Felicitas* has, however, been conceived by Felix Sultana, the celebrated perfumer, who in a simple "cassolette" has perfected an Everlasting Perfume, which rivals in fragrance the most cunning preparations of the Persians or Egyptians; and we may add that while these cassolettes, redolent with sweet odours, are a charming acquisition for the boudoir or the pocket, their moderate price places them within the reach of all.

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.	
			A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
27	S	15th Sunday after Trinity	3 55	4 15		
28	M	Michaelmas Day	4 30	4 55		
29	T	St. Jerome	5 15	5 40		
30	W	Pheasant Shooting begins	6 5	6 30		
1	T	Old St. Matthew	7 5	7 40		
2	F		8 25	9 10		
3	S		9 55	10 40		

MOON'S CHANGES.—30—First quarter, 4.10 p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning.

28.—Jeremiah 35; Mark 1.

Evening.

28.—Jeremiah 36; 1 Corinthians 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WESLEYAN.—We are not aware that any public monument has been erected to the memory of John Bunyan. A tomb in Bunhill-fields records his name, and that is the only memorial in stone of the brave tinker of Bedford, who is scarcely less illustrious as a martyr to the cause of religious liberty than as the author of one of the really great works in our language.

A CHURCHMAN.—The Lollards were followers of Wickliffe, and the first reformers of the Roman Catholic Church in England.

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.—Currants were first planted in England in 1555, and called Corinthian grapes, being originally from Corinth, which at length was corrupted into currant.

AN ASTRONOMER.—The first observation of an eclipse made by the Chinese, the authenticity of which is established, is in the year 716 B.C. At Babylon, the most ancient observation made by the Chaldeans, was in the year 747. It has been said that Callisthenes sent to Aristotle from Babylon, observations of a celestial phenomena occurring during a space of 1,900 years.

A B.—You are not legally bound to contribute to the support of your parent, unless he becomes chargeable to the parish and proceedings are instituted against you by the parochial authorities.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.—Copyright will run with the life of the author, and for seven years after his death; but if that term expire earlier than forty-two years, the right is still to endure for that term.

X. Y.—The first Astronomer Royal was John Flamsteed, who was born at Derby, near Derby, in 1646. He was appointed to this office on the foundation of the observatory at Greenwich.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER, 27, 1862.

THE tide of the Confederate invasion of the Federal States steadily advances. A week has only elapsed since we recorded that celebrated battle in Virginia which obliged the Northern army to fly for refuge behind the fortifications of the capital, and already the conquerors have not only crossed the frontier of the adjacent State of Maryland, but, by the last reports, have even entered that of Pennsylvania. The army of Virginia under Pope has shared the same fate which befel the great army of the North under McClellan. Both have been driven back to that capital from which some months since they had issued forth so bold and defiant, and from which they never succeeded in advancing more than a few days' march. But does the Confederate invasion of the Northern States promise to be as slow and profitless? Judging by appearances, certainly not. Within a week's time the Confederates have taken possession of the important town of Frederick, in which city they were received by the inhabitants with every manifestation of joy. They have crossed the State of Maryland without the slightest molestation, and are on the point of entering, if they have not already entered, Pennsylvania. They have already appointed a Governor to Maryland; nor is it probable that the nomination will prove nugatory when the strong Confederate bias of the population is borne in mind. In fact, wherever the Confederates advance, they march as conquerors, and are hailed as deliverers—the two great conditions under which conquests are made and retained being thus simultaneously fulfilled. We have no reliable information respecting the projects of Jackson. It would be idle, in the absence of reliable data, to speculate on the true nature and direction of his movements. To advance on Baltimore would be the boldest, but at the same time the most dangerous, step he could adopt. In passing to the rear of Washington the Confederate general would entirely abandon his base of operations; he would afford to the army stationed in that capital an opportunity of cutting off his retreat, and leave to himself no door of escape in case of disaster. But on the other hand Maryland is most friendly to the cause which he supports, and Baltimore would open its gates with eagerness at his approach. Besides, General Jackson seems fond of violating the arbitrary rules of military science, and hitherto success has attended their infringement. McClellan is already in the field, and would doubtless strain every nerve to entrap his redoubtable assailant, and redeem his forfeited fame. It is more likely that the Confederate general will postpone the reduction both of Baltimore and of Washington until he has gained a firm position in Maryland, and afforded to its population an opportunity of vindicating their independence. The Federal Government is perfectly conscious of the insecurity of its present position. Baltimore is all but in open re-

billion. A flotilla of Federal gun-boats is drawn up opposite the city prepared to bombard it should the Confederates attempt its capture. It is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that this is merely an idle threat. No political reasons could justify the bombardment of a defenceless town. If the Federal Government find itself incapable of retaining possession of Baltimore according to the usages of war, it will not be justified in avenging its loss by the butchery of the inhabitants. General McClellan, as we have already stated, has taken the field and is said to be advancing against the Confederates, so that we may expect soon to hear of new battles. Of their result we have no desire to prophesy. But it may certainly be said that the forces which have just suffered so terrible a disaster will hardly be a match for an enemy flushed with recent victory, and strong in the confidence which he receives from unvarying success, and from the knowledge that the population among which he moves is wholly on his side. If the great mass of the Confederate army be already in Maryland, it will, we should fancy, be almost impossible for McClellan to offer any real resistance to their march on Baltimore. He may, however, by moving out of Washington, be enabled to save his army in case that city should be cut off from its communications with the North. Otherwise, we may well conceive that the Federal armies shut up in Washington might be in almost as much danger as at Harrison's Landing, and the retreat from the James River re-enacted with perhaps less of good fortune on the banks of the Potomac.

A FLOCK of sheep browsing on a rich open pasture land seems to approach as near a state of perfect placid enjoyment as living creatures can experience. "As stupid as a sheep," has become a proverb. Yet the truth is, that the ovine organisation is wonderfully delicate, and subject to as many and as painful maladies as the human frame. There is scarcely one of the "ills which flesh is heir to" that does not afflict the sheep. In the sheep's progress through life there come water in the head, apoplexy, inflammation of the brain, diseases of the spinal cord, tetanus, epilepsy, palsy, and, above all, the fatal rot, by which, according to Mr. Youatt's calculations, upwards of a million perish yearly. It is rather an unpleasant reflection for persons whose destiny compels them to feed on mutton chops, to learn that the most approved advice to the farmer, when the rot appears, is to try no remedy, but sell the sheep at once to the butcher. In addition to the normal diseases, there is scarcely a malady of the organs and vital functions to which sheep are not liable. Thrush in the mouth, tumours, typhus fever, glanders, catarrh, wheezing, cough, and consumption are only a few of the long catalogue of ovine calamities. The one sole condition which the farmer seems to have had hitherto was that, in the words of a distinguished writer, "in a great measure the sheep is exempt from those epidemic diseases by which so many horses and cattle are frequently destroyed. In most epidemic maladies sheep have either been exempt or suffered slightly." This last conclusion, we need hardly tell our readers, has been removed by the appearance of small-pox. The records of medical science, and, above all, of veterinary lore, are so imperfect that it is difficult to say how far this fancied exemption has really been a privilege. In 1611 an unknown disease raged among the flocks, by which it is recorded in the annals of the time, the greater part were destroyed. These were "divers strange pestilences," too, amongst herds in 1125 and 1315; and in the year of the great plague of London a mysterious kindred malady developed itself amongst animals. But we question whether, in sacred or profane history, there is any clearly established instance of disease amongst sheep having exhibited itself in an epidemic and contagious form till the present day. We have, therefore, to deal with a new malady, under new circumstances. There is no doubt that the flocks in Wiltshire are suffering from confluent small-pox, and there is equally little doubt that it is spreading rapidly. The one question for the public is how this disaster can be stopped. It is possible the disease may be curable, but prevention is better than cure, and we regret to see that such inefficient measures have been adopted to realise this axiom. The Orders in Council are very sage measures, but they have the fatal defect of shutting the stable door after the horse has gone. The prohibition against receiving sheep infected with the small-pox is now extended to Bristol, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Holyhead, and the parishes of Stanton St. Bernard, Avebury, Aldbourne, and Hampstead North, and will doubtless be introduced in any other district where the disease declares itself unmistakably. Unfortunately, before this declaration, they the sheepowners endeavoured to conceal the fact that disease had appeared in their flocks. Abroad, official inspectors would be authorised to deal summarily with any flock whose small-pox exhibited itself; and it is questionable to us whether this is not one of the things that, in the words of the "Sentinel and Journey," "they manage better in France."

SENTENCE OF MR. ROUELL.

MR. ROUELL was brought to the bar of the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, when at his request the plea of not guilty, recorded by the Court, was withdrawn, and the prisoner then pleaded guilty. At the same time he addressed the Court, admitting the enormity of his guilt. With great propriety the judge remarked on his confession, that whether the prisoner had made a true statement was known to One only, but that One did know. The prisoner was then sentenced to penal servitude for life.

A SCIENTIFIC ARMY.—*Galvani* says:—"All the regiments of the French army now include both photographers and telegraphists. Yesterday morning three artillerymen, provided with a magnificent photographic apparatus, were seen taking views of the different aspects of the Louvre and Tuilleries, from the Court Napoleon III."

DANGEROUS MONOMANIA.—The Austrian journals mention the following case of incendiary monomania:—"For the last three months frequent conflagrations had spread terror and desolation in a district of Galicia without the author of them being discovered. A boy of nine years of age was at length surprised and arrested as he was about commencing his tenth fire. In his examination he said that at certain hours of the day he felt such a desire to set fire to something that 'his heart burnt in his body until he had done so.' In one of those fits on the 16th June last he attempted three times to set on fire the residence of his father-in-law, but without success; he, however, effected his purpose on the following day, when thirty-six houses and a synagogue were destroyed. On the 1st July he set fire to an infant school, when that building was burnt to the ground. On the 8th of July he attempted to burn a house, but the fire was got under; on the 15th he set fire to a garden hedge; on the 3rd August to some faggots and straw; and on the 4th and 5th to houses."

General News.

GENERAL Sir J. G. Le Marchant has been appointed to the command of the 11th regiment.

The numerous friends and admirers of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, will be grieved to hear of the death of that gentleman's wife. She had joined him on the Zambesi just as he reached the coast; but, seized with fever, she succumbed. Dr. Livingstone feels his loss acutely.

SOME more orders in council have been issued on the subject of disease in sheep. Bristol, Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Holyhead are places named in the order, from whence sheep or lambs infected with small-pox are not to be removed, and a great many more parishes and places in Wilt and Berks are mentioned in the *Gazette* as falling under the same disability. We are sorry to be obliged to infer from these orders that the disease is supposed by the Government agents to be spreading.

DURING the past ten weeks 857,079 persons have visited the Crystal Palace, being an average of above 85,000 per week.

It is with regret that we announce the death of the Earl of Eglonch, whose sudden demise will be a severe shock to his family.

THE *Moriments* of Genoa says:—"A printed letter from Mazzini to the Italians is in circulation. He takes advantage of the affair of Aspromonte to repeat that he throws off all obligation towards the Government, and to declare that all attempts at accord are henceforth useless."

A STRANGER who had arrived at Hamburg a few days ago, with a young girl whom he passed off as his wife, has just committed suicide in an hotel of that town. The suspicions of the police as to the stranger were excited from his having gone to a steam-jacket office to take two tickets for London, and expressed a desire of not coming in contact with the police who, he said, often question passengers on the steam-boats. The police called on him to examine his passport, but the stranger refused to admit them, and thinking himself discovered shot himself in his bedroom. The female, who is a Hungarian, and speaks only her own language, declared that the deceased was post-master in a small town of Hungary, and had abandoned his wife and children to live with her. Only a sum of 12s. was found upon him.

THE *Bicester Herald* says that game in Oxfordshire has not been so scarce for years as it is the present season.

THE nuptial festivities of a wedding party at the north part of Brighton were marred by an unfortunate incident on Wednesday week. The knot had been tied at the parish church, the wedding party had returned, the wedding breakfast was over, and the carriage which was to take the happy pair on the wedding tour stood at the door. The bride, who had been in high spirits, now went to take farewell of a sister, who, we understand, is shortly to become the inmate of a convent. The parting was of so distressing a character, and had such an effect upon the bride, that she fell into violent hysterics; it was necessary to send for a medical man, and the upshot was that, instead of starting for her honeymoon trip, she had to be taken up-stairs to her room; the carriage was dismissed, and the bridegroom had to cool his ardour as best he might. For all the remainder of the day and night the lady was seriously ill, and even on the following day was not sufficiently well to travel.—*Court Journal*.

ON the 3rd of July last there was an earthquake in Australia, which extended from Melbourne, in Victoria, to Adelaide, in South Australia. A marked change in the weather was noticed immediately after the earthquake.

ON Sunday, at the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel's Chapel, John-street, Bedford-row, nearly £110 were contributed—although there was no previous notice of an intended collection—as the result of two sermons preached on behalf of the poor sufferers in Lancashire. The sermon in the morning was preached by Mr. Reginald Ratcliffe, and that in the evening by Mr. Noel.

THE Federal man-of-war *Tuscarora* has arrived at Cadiz, and obtained permission to visit there.

ARRANGEMENTS have nearly been completed for the erection of a new bishopric in Australia, the seat of which will be at Goulburn. A wealthy colonist has provided the greater part of the endowment.

ALTHOUGH the Prince of Wales has not devoted much attention to the partridges on his recently acquired estate at Sandringham, Norfolk, he is expected to pay the property a visit before the close of the present season. As was recently stated, various important alterations are contemplated in the mansion and offices, and towards the close of last week Mr. White, solicitor, and Mr. Humbert, architect to his Royal Highness, came down for the purpose of concerting and maturing these improvements.

DOUGLAS E. JERROLD, son of the late celebrated author and wit, enlisted in Col. Porter's Federal regiment on the 8th of August. Mr. Jerrold is a gentleman of ability, inheriting no small portion of his father's wit, and possessing a fine education.

WE understand that a squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Dacres, C.B., will sail for the Tagus, to be present at the marriage of the King of Portugal. The squadron will comprise the *Edgar*, bearing the rear-admiral's flag, *Liffey*, *Warrior*, and *Black Prince*.—*United Service Gazette*.

AT Biarritz, a funeral service was celebrated in the chapel of St. Eugeni, in memory of the Duchess d'Albe, the Empress's visitor. The Emperor and the Empress were present. The day before there was a grand *fete* which was attended by people from all the country round, that day being the one selected by the Basques for their annual visit. Mass was celebrated in the morning, and the church and streets were thronged with people anxious to see their Majesties, who attended. About two o'clock there was a grand game at ball between French and Basque players for a sum of 1,500l. (£60), which was won by the former. The Emperor passed through the crowd on horseback.

AT a meeting of the Working Man's Garibaldian Committee, held at 338, Strand, it was resolved that a monster meeting be held in Hyde Park on Sunday, the 28th inst., to express sympathy with Garibaldi and to protest against the French occupation of Rome.

A COPENHAGEN letter has the following:—"In the Royal dockyard at Nyholm experiments have just been made with a new kind of infernal machine, which is said to be capable of destroying the strongest iron-cased vessel. The inventor is Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsted, a Finlander, who has been in the Russian service. The apparatus is extremely simple, and costs but little."

SOME important experiments have been lately made at Portsmouth with a gun fired from beneath the water; and it has been clearly proved that at a distance of thirty feet a shot can be sent through a substance equal to the two sides of the *Warrior's* bottom. Our "reconstructed" navy promises to be more expensive to the public than was bargained for.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

It is said that a baronetcy will be conferred on Sir Daniel Cooper, now acting as one of the commissioners for New South Wales at the great Exhibition.—*Melbourne Paper*.

MR. RICHARD ENEFER, the clerk in the Lynn post-office accused of robbery, was committed for trial. Bail was refused. Application was made that the rings, studs, and other articles of value in the prisoner's possession might be given up to his friends. This was opposed, on the ground that the articles might form the subject of future charges. Prisoner, who declared his innocence of the charge, appeared somewhat moved at his committal. The greatest sympathy is felt for the friends of the accused in the town.

MURDER IN SCOTLAND.

A SCOTTISH Court of Justice has just been occupied with the trial of a remarkable case of murder, and the story, which has created an extraordinary sensation in the North, will possess some interest in the eyes of the public at large. On Monday, the 7th of July last, a woman named Jessie Macpherson was found dead on the floor of her bedroom in a house at Glasgow. Her body was so shockingly mangled as to make it clear that murder had been done, and it was presently ascertained that she had not been seen alive since the evening of the Friday previous. Her capacity was that of a servant, and it was in the house of her master that she had thus met with her death. She appears to have been actually in the service of a son of an old gentleman named Fleming, but he was absent at the time, and his father alone was in the house. When, therefore, the corpse was discovered, and the deed of blood brought to light, it was natural, and indeed inevitable, that old Mr. Fleming should be called to account for himself, and he was accordingly arrested, and examined after the Scottish method of procedure. It appeared that he was almost ninety years old—he gave his own age as eighty-seven—and there was consequently a strong probability in the presumption that the crime could have been the work of his hands. He was old, but he was not feeble; there was no reason for his committing such a crime, but he was in the house with the deceased, and so the Glasgow people scarcely knew what to think of the matter.

But the reputation of the old gentleman thus unfortunately situated was gradually and distinctly cleared. It was found that certain articles were missing from the house—some clothing belonging to the murdered woman, and some plate belonging to the old man's son. This plate, it seemed, had been pawned in the city; it was identified, and the pawnbroker testified that it was a woman who had pawned it. Here was a new light thrown on the case. Who was this woman? For some time that question could not be solved, but it was presently reported that the police were on her track, and that she had been taken. She proved to be a certain Jessie McLauchlan, and circumstances were soon discovered which connected her very closely with the crime. In fact, it became evident that she was either the actual murderer or was privy to the deed, nor was it long doubted which of these two assumptions was the more probable. She had formerly lived in Mr. Fleming's service herself; she was still well acquainted with him, and had been on intimate terms with the deceased woman. She knew all the ways of the house, and was in the habit of going there. She did go there on the night of Friday, the 4th of July, and she did not return to her own home till the morning of Saturday, the 5th. When she returned she was not clad in the dress which she had worn on going out, but in a dress which had belonged to Jessie Macpherson. This dress she changed when she got home, and took it to a dyer's to be dyed. Her own dress, torn to shreds, and stained with blood, was found scattered in various fragments along some fields at Hamilton, ten or twelve miles from Glasgow, and in those very fields she had been seen. When she left her home on Friday she took with her a bottle, and a similar bottle was in the house of murder. Up to that Friday she had been in desperate want of money, but on Saturday she was in possession of cash for her needs.

All this evidence was very strong; but Jessie McLauchlan endeavoured to elude its force by accusing old Mr. Fleming of the crime. She made a declaration before the trial, and she made a statement at the trial itself. She admitted that she had been present in the house on the night of Friday, and that she had a knowledge, though an involuntarily knowledge, of the murder. The actual deed she traced to the hand of the old man, and ascribed it to motives of anger and fear together. He had, she said, made unseemly propositions to the deceased woman, was afraid of her telling against him, and had quarrelled with her. The end of it, according to her story, was that he fell upon her with the meat-chopper and killed her, after which he sent the witness out with her son's plate that she might raise money upon it. The dresses of the deceased, she said, had been sent to her by the unfortunate woman herself the evening before her death. This story, however, did not obtain much credit. It was not consistently told; it did not agree with probabilities, and few people therefore were surprised when the announcement was made that old Mr. Fleming was liberated and Jessie McLauchlan committed to gaol.

Last week she was brought to trial, and it appears that she was supplied with the means of making a most able defence. The questions raised were the same as before. What gave such a singularity to the case was that the accused was also an accuser. Her defence was the impeachment of another person. From a certain complicity with the crime she could not pretend to clear herself, but she persisted to the last in maintaining not only that she was innocent, but that old Mr. Fleming was guilty. Her statement was not without its points of speciousness. The old man had undoubtedly been in the house at the time of the murder, and it seemed strange enough, certainly, that he could have quietly put up, as he did, with the disappearance of his servant after Friday night. His evidence, too, was sometimes confused, and it was established that Jessie Macpherson did not exactly like her place, and was not on the best of terms with her master. But the jury thought, and the public will also think, that there was nothing in all this irreconcilable with the innocence of an eccentric nonagenarian, whereas there was very much which it was impossible to reconcile with the innocence of his accuser. But twenty minutes were taken for the consideration of the verdict. Jessie McLauchlan was found guilty of the murder, and the judge, in passing sentence, took occasion to say that Mr. Fleming's character was free from suspicion or stain.

AN AMERICAN MURDER.

THE *Peterborough Examiner* gives the following particulars of a shocking murder committed in the township of Douro, about two miles from that town:—"On Saturday last, the 23rd inst., a Mr. Risher had a raising near Welsh's Tavern, on the Dunmurr-road, at which a number of the inhabitants near by were present. A man named Alfred Range, who lived in a shanty a short distance off, had, a short time ago, some of his windows broken by stones. He was at the Bee, and during the day he charged a young man, named Patrick Sullivan, with breaking his windows. Sullivan denied the charge, and more than once attempted to beat Range for accusing him, but was prevented by others from carrying out his purpose. He was heard by some to threaten vengeance on Range, saying he would murder him. It appears that spirituous liquors were used pretty freely throughout the day, and Range was intoxicated when he made the charge against Sullivan—at all events, when the day's work was over Range was so drunk that he could not be got along without carrying. The men, in place of carrying him to a house, or to his home, which was not far off, after setting and propping him up against a pile of lumber, left him, thinking he would soon come to himself, and get up and go home. He was found on Sunday; and although Dr. Harvey was informed of the fact, the inquest was not held till Monday, when he impelled a jury and summoned all the persons at the Bee, from whom the above facts were elicited. A summons was issued for Sullivan, but he did not attend. The verdict of the jury was, that Range had come to his death at the hands of Sullivan. A warrant was issued on Tuesday noon for Sullivan's arrest, but up to the time of our going to press he has not been apprehended. Range, when viewed by the jury, presented a horrid appearance: his head and face seemed pounded to a mummy, his teeth knocked in—there were twenty cuts on his head and face; one of them on the top of his head was six inches long. Several stones and two clubs, as if made for the purpose, were found lying near the body."

THE CASE OF MR. ROUPELL.

VERY soon after the grand jury at the Old Bailey, on Monday, had commenced their duties, two bills were preferred before them by Mr. Pollard, the Assistant Solicitor to the Treasury, against Mr. Roupell—the one charging him with feloniously forging an entering a certain deed of gift, and the other with the same offence in relation to a will. The only witnesses who were examined were Mr. Bennett, the shorthand writer who took notes of the proceedings upon the trial at Guildford, and Mr. Tongue, the associate, who produced the instruments that were alleged to be forged, and who had impounded them by order of Mr. Baron Martin, the judge who presided at the trial. The grand jury immediately found both to be true bills, and they very shortly afterwards formally returned them as such to the court. Just as the court was about to adjourn the prisoner was brought to the court in the custody of Mr. Keane, the governor of Horseferry-lane Prison, and he was ordered to be placed in the dock. Mr. Kemp, the deputy clerk of arraigns, then read the indictment, which charged the prisoner with having on the 2nd of September, 1855, feloniously forged and uttered a will, purporting to be the last will and testament of one Richard Palmer Roupell, with intent to defraud; and he then asked the prisoner whether he pleaded "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" to the charge. The prisoner, in a calm, firm tone, replied, "I decline to plead." Mr. Kemp then read the second indictment, which charged the prisoner with forging and uttering a deed purporting to be a deed conveying certain lands and hereditaments at Kingston from Richard Palmer Roupell to himself, he well knowing the same deed to be forged. Upon the same question being put to him whether he pleaded "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," he again replied, "I decline to plead." The Recorder then, under the powers granted to the court by the Act of Parliament of the 7th and 8th George IV., directed a plea of "Not Guilty" to be entered, and Mr. Roupell was removed from the bar. The prisoner exhibited the same calm and cool demeanour as he evinced at the trial at Guildford.

OUTRAGE ON AN AGED WOMAN.

AN Irish harvest labourer, named Lincham, was committed for trial, by the Bishop Stortford magistrates, for rape on Ann Ayley, a married woman, upwards of seventy years of age. The case was one of great atrocity. It appeared that the old woman had been to Much Hadham, and on her return home, who within about 400 yards of her own dwelling, she saw Lincham leave Bridge Foot Farm, and who seemed to her as if he was intoxicated. The fellow seemed to loiter on the road, and when the poor old creature came up to him, he caught hold of her, and made use of an abominable and indecent expression, upon which she remarked that "she was not a person of the class he supposed." She scolded then, with great violence, threw her on the ground, and, notwithstanding her screams and continual resistance, and which she says occupied nearly a quarter of an hour, succeeded in committing the outrage. The poor old woman sat so that she remained insensible for some time, but on recovering, with considerable difficulty she reached her home. The prisoner, rather a good-looking young man, twenty-four years of age, when taken into custody did not deny committing the offence. He bore about the face marks of scratches, and the top of one of his fingers was much bitten, which the prosecutrix described she had inflicted on her assailant. The ground also bears the marks of a desperate struggle.

RIOTS IN IRELAND.

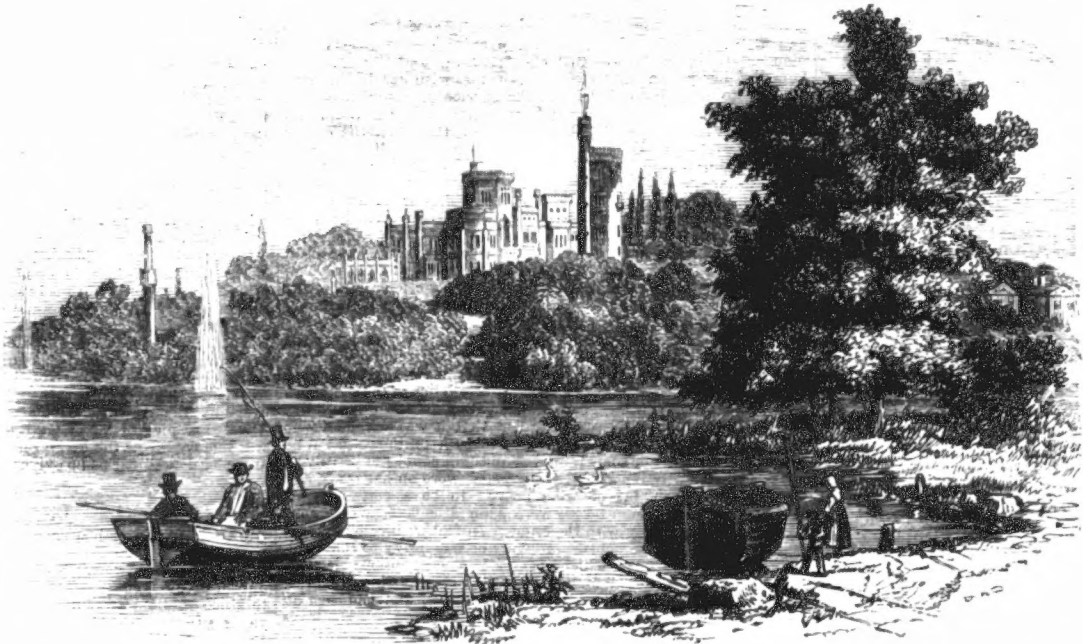
THE proceedings of last night (Friday), says the *Northern Whig*, are a striking commentary upon the real or affected confidence in the inoffensive character of an Orange, and the long-suffering meekness of a Catholic mob. Divided into two mobs, the Orangemen attacked the houses of those against whom, on political or religious grounds, their enmity has been kindled. One mob applied itself to breaking the windows of Mr. Coyle's house in the Ormeau-road. Mr. Coyle is a Roman Catholic—that is the head and front of his offending. Another mob, estimated at about a thousand strong, attacked the Royal Hotel, in Donegal-place. The cry was raised, "To the *Whig* office!" and the rioters set out thither, through Donegal-place, attacking Mr. Hughes's bakery en route. The police, meeting them here, proven of the destruction of the buildings and machinery of this office. The mob, disappointed, took its way round Donegal-squares north and west to the house of Mr. Finlay, the proprietor of the *Whig*, in Donegal-square-south, on which they opened a systematic attack. The glass in front of the house within reach of their missiles was speedily demolished. The hall, the parlour, the drawing-room, and one of the bedrooms are now strewn with large stones, which cannot have been picked up on the spot. They must have been brought from a distance. Mr. Finlay is absent on the Continent; and, at the time of the attack, the only persons in the house were two female servants. Had this not been the case, the loss of life, or serious personal injury, must almost unavoidably have occurred. The number of the stones thrown makes it next to certain that one or other of them would have struck any person in the front of the house. Their size and weight ensure that a blow from them would have inflicted serious, if not fatal injury. The amount of damage done to and in Mr. Finlay's house cannot now be estimated. There has, it is clear, been considerable destruction of property; but everything is as the rioters have left it. The stones lie where they fell. All will remain as it is until the magistrates shall have had the opportunity of examination. We have spoken hitherto of the outrages of the Orange party. We regret to say that the Catholics, contrary to the excellent and Christian counsels of the Right Rev. Dr. Dorrnan, the coadjutor Bishop of Belfast, have suffered themselves to be provoked into measures of retaliation of a very indiscriminating character. Protestant meeting-houses have been attacked—among them that of the Rev. John Scott Porter (Unitarian), whose influence was used (unsuccessfully, we regret to say) to induce the committee of the Botanic Garden to rescind the grant of the garden for the purpose of the demonstration. In Ballymacarret, a great number of houses occupied by very respectable people were attacked indiscriminately, and whether the residents were Protestants or Roman Catholics made no difference to the mob. Where the mob came from we know not, but they totally demolished the windows that came in their way. In other quarters of Belfast similar disgraceful proceedings took place. In Church-street and North-street we are informed that upwards of twenty houses were damaged by stone-throwers, a mob of whom, we understand, was principally composed of mere lads and girls. Not a single local constable or policeman was near at the time to prevent them destroying the houses of respectable and inoffensive citizens, as was done by them. The meeting-house of the Rev. Hugh Hanna was attacked by the Roman Catholic mob, and a great deal of injury done. In Millfield, Brown-street and Carrick-hill, and other places in that neighbourhood, many dwelling-houses were completely gutted, and on the previous evening the houses of Mr. Savage, in Boundary-street, and Mr. Savage, in Townsend-street, were left, especially the former, with scarcely a pane of glass in the windows. During the evening the Riot Act was read several times by Mr. Dunville, Dr. McGee, Mr. Lyons, and others of the magistracy; but their desire, it was evident, was not to resort to extreme measures. A great number of injuries were inflicted on constables and civilians by the mobs of rioters, but the wounds received were not of a dangerous character. The *Dublin Evening Mail* says that owing to a telegraphic message received by the authorities troops of cavalry and two hundred and two constables and sub-constables and four officers of the constabulary left by a special train for Belfast.

POTSDAM.

THE view given here is the palace in which was born the Prince Frederick William, husband of our Princess Royal, and likewise the residence of her Royal Highness during her late *accouchement*. It is finely situated on the right bank of the River Havel, which here expands into a lake. The castle has frequently been noticed to bear a close resemblance to that of Windsor. Beneath is an authentic engraving of the royal christening which lately took place.

A CHEMIST'S CARELESSNESS.—An inquest was held at West Bromwich, on Friday last, on the body of Sarah Shaw, an infant, aged five weeks. The mother stated that the child had never been well from the first, having suffered from a bad cough; and on Tuesday last she went to the shop of Messrs. Hudson and Pershouse, chemists, High-street, and asked for two pennyworth of cough syrup, mentioning the age of the child she wanted it for. She received a bottle with a black label on it, but there were no directions as to how it was to be administered. On her return home she gave the child half a teaspoonful, and shortly afterwards

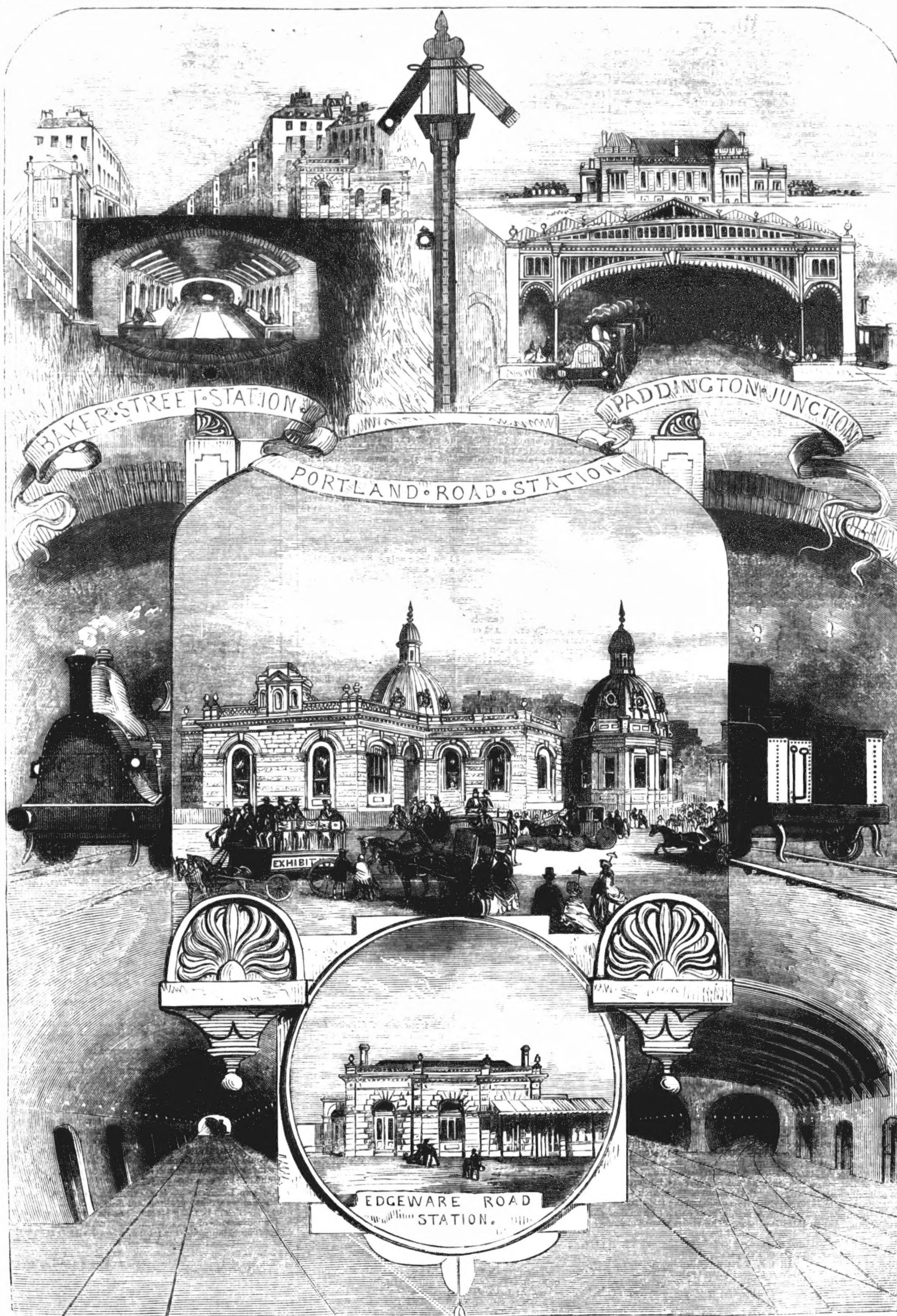
the child seemed to fall into a fit. Being alarmed, she took the infant to Mr. Kite's surgery, where she had some medicine given her, but the child died the following morning. Mr. W. J. Kite, surgeon, deposed to making a post-mortem examination of the deceased. He had seen and had in his possession the bottle of mixture, some of which had been administered to the child, and it had a strong smell of, and taste of, opium, and he had not the slightest hesitation in stating that the deceased died from poisoning by opium. The jury found some difficulty in coming to a decision, but ultimately twelve of them (there being thirteen in the panel) returned a verdict "That the deceased had died from an excessive dose of opium, incautiously administered." The foreman, on behalf of himself and the jury, on returning the verdict, requested the coroner to communicate their opinion to Messrs. Hudson and Pershouse that sufficient caution had not been shown in labelling the bottle, and trusted that in future they would not send out medicines without proper written directions. The coroner concurred in the remarks of the jury, and acceded to their request.



THE ROYAL RESIDENCE AT POTSDAM NEAR BERLIN.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM.



THE METROPOLITAN, OR UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.—VIEWS OF STATIONS &c. (See page 803.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Bellini's opera "La Sonnambula" was produced on Monday, supported by Miss Dobson, Mr. Santey, and Mr. Perren, &c. "D. Morah," "Maratani," "The Crown Diamonds," and "The Rose of Castile," have completed the week's programme, the business has been remarkably good.—The new spectacle "The Relief of Lucknow," at DRURY LANE, though well put upon the stage fails to draw the houses it was expected to do.—At the HAYMARKET, PRINCESS'S, LYCEUM, ST. JAMES'S, OLYMPIC, and STRAND, the bills remain unaltered, with the exception of some trifling changes in the after-pieces, a state of things which augurs well for the various lessees.—At the SURREY, Mr. Creswick took his farewell benefit on Thursday, when he played the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," to a house crowded to the ceiling evidently bent on assuring the manager of their approval of his long managerial career. Mr. Creswick was supported by Henry Marston, Mr. Lewis Ball, Miss Atkinson and Miss Marriott.—At the STANDARD the long-promised new drama, founded on Sir Walter Scott's celebrated work, "The Heart of Mid Lothian," has been produced, and met with great success. Miss Marriott taking the character of *Jeanie Deans*, with her usual dramatic power—in fact, her performance throughout was a great histrionic achievement. A Mr. Gourlay, a celebrated Scotch comedian, has been engaged to sustain the character of *Dumbiedykes*. The piece will have a long run.—At ASTLEY'S "Mazurka" still holds the boards. The remainder of the minor theatres are well patronised.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The able caterer for creature comforts, Mr. Strange, took his annual benefit on Tuesday, when the attractions of the garden and palace were added to by the performances of Blondini, Leotard, the ascent of the balloon, &c. We are happy to say Mr. Strange had a bumper.

CREMORNE.—A grand Volunteer Fete is announced for Monday, when an immense round of attraction is offered to the seeker after pleasure.

HIGHBURY.—A most successful season is here drawing to a close, and we would urge all who have not been to lose no time.

MR. CHARLES DILLON.—Owing, doubtless, to the war, this gentleman's engagement in America was not so profitable as it otherwise would have been. He is now on his way to Melbourne, Australia.

MR. GEORGE OWEN, the tragedian, met with an accident while playing at the South Shields Theatre, a few evenings since, which will incapacitate him, for his professional duties, for some time.

MADAME ATHOL.—We have to announce the death of this lady, who was well known at the Princess's and Drury Lane Theatres as a graceful *danseuse*.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, has arrived out at Melbourne, and will, doubtless, be well received there.

MR. CHARLES YOUNG is en route to New Zealand, in company with Miss Taburney.

EXTRAORDINARY AND ROMANTIC STORY.

RECENTLY, in a certain parish in the Isle of Man, a case of cruelty was brought to our notice more inhuman than anything we have ever heard of. The victim of it was intelligent and beautiful, in her early youth, but unfortunately was endowed with too strong passions to pass through the vicissitudes of this world unscathed. Excitable as she was, the restraining influence of religion and the pious lessons of a widowed mother, kept her for many years in the path of virtue. But when that mother was laid beside her father's grave in the "old kirkyard," the daughter was left a lone orphan in a tempting and heartless world, exposed to the wiles of wicked and designing men. A deceiver soon turned up, paid his addresses to her, and, in the sacred name of love, won her affections and the unreserved devotion of her warm heart. This treacherous wretch robbed her not only of her virtue, but of every farthing of her money bequeathed by her saintly mother. She bore up heroically under these accumulated wrongs; but a worse shock to her feelings was reserved for her. Her betrayer and robber was urged by some one to refund the money of which he had plundered her. He swore he would not, and blasphemously invoked God's crushing wrath upon his head if he ever should pay her. The Almighty took him at his word, and the man was crushed to death by a mass of earth and stones in a mine. The violent death of her seducer was a blow not to be borne—reason reeled from its throne, and the woman became a maniac. It devolved upon her brother as a legal obligation to support this crushed and heart-broken sister, he having ample means to do the same. Her madness was not of the violent and dangerous kind—hence confinement was unnecessary, and no doubt by the power of kindness, had it been bestowed, she might have been restored to a state of sanity. But this brother chained up his sister in a dark and filthy stable, half-starving, or feeding her with the offal which swine would loathe; whilst her shivering limbs were but half-covered with filthy rags, and the rottenness and filth in which she was buried, made her an object of disgust and loathing, had she not been an object of pitiable sympathy. Here, covered with these rags and vermin, and wallowing in this filth, the miserable female has clanked her chains for more than twenty years. During that period two vicars in succession have preached about the charities of the cross, almost within hearing of this foul prison—a magistrate and captain of the parish has resided hard by; and yet, not a finger has been raised to arrest this brutal cruelty, or to knock off the chains from the lacerated limbs of this suffering woman. An English philanthropist who was recently over here accidentally hearing of the matter, visited the poor maniac, to satisfy himself respecting the facts of which he had heard. He found the case a more deplorable one than it had been represented to him, and we understand that at his request the Assistant Attorney-General took the matter in hand, and that the unfortunate woman has been released from her "durance vile."—*Mona's Herald*.

PRIESTLY BIGOTRY IN FRANCE.

"We have to record," says the *Siecle*,—"two instances of refusal of ecclesiastical burial. Pierre Jarvagoon, a contractor for earthworks, a young man of twenty-eight, lately died at Villiers-sur-Marne. Having been carried off by an attack of smallpox, he had no time to call in a priest to administer the last sacraments. His relatives and friends, having been unable to persuade the cure to read the funeral service, applied to the mayor of Villiers, M. Reyne, who consented to attend the funeral. A numerous cortege followed the body to its last resting-place, and prudently abstained from all manifestations injurious to the cause of religion, which such an act of causeless intolerance might naturally have provoked. If the doors of the church were closed against Pierre Jarvagoon, can it be owing to the fact that he was a Pie-montese by birth? A murder was committed on the 10th of September at Enghien-les-Bains. The victim was a young man of twenty-two, a coachman, who, if he had committed any faults, has pitifully expiated them. We have been informed, however, that M. Mercier, the cure of the parish, refused him the last services of the Church. All the efforts made by the municipal authorities to induce the reverend gentleman to alter his decision having proved fruitless, the body was accompanied to the cemetery by the deputy mayor, the commissary of police, the secretary of the mairie, and the friends of the deceased. As the unfortunate man had no relatives in town, he was interred at the expense of the commune. This funeral was rendered still more painful to all present by the fact that the procession had to pass before the doors of the church, which were closed against it."

Sporting.

RACING FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

St. George's Gate Pain's Lane . 29—Newmarket F.O. 30

OCTOBER.

Chesterfield . . . 1	Royal Caledonian . . . 16	Perth . . . 16
Edinburgh & L.C. 1	Hunt & Kelso . . . 7	Gloucester . . . 21
Felton . . . 6	Newmarket S.O. 13	Newmarket H. . 27
Bedford . . . 7		

BETTING ON THE RACES AT TATTERSALL'S.

CESAREWITCH.—5 to 1 agst Silkstone, 20 to 1 agst Dalcibella, 25 to 1 agst Penham Lass, 28 to 1 agst Padder, 30 to 1 agst Catchem-Alive, 33 to 1 agst Babette filly, 33 to 1 agst Bedouin, 33 to 1 agst Audrey, 43 to 1 agst My Mary, 40 to 1 agst Moorhen, 40 to 1 agst Drumstick, 40 to 1 agst Knutsford.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—25 to 1 agst Silkstone, 25 to 1 agst Dictator, 25 to 1 agst Diophantus, 30 to 1 agst Queen of Trumps, 33 to 1 agst The Babette filly, 40 to 1 agst Polynesia, 40 to 1 agst Tolorno, 40 to 1 agst Alvediston, 46 to 1 agst Mamie, 50 to 1 agst King of Diamonds.

DERBY.—30 to 1 agst Blue Mantle, 33 to 1 agst Hospodar, 33 to 1 agst Avenger, 3,000 to 45 agst Deerswood.

MARQUIS, THE WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER.

THE horse whose portrait this week appears in the front page of this paper, is the property of the Hon. S. Hawke. The Marquis is a rich bay horse, with black legs, standing about 15 hands 2½ inches high; he has a very good blood-like head, strong neck, good shoulders, round barrel, strong back, quarters, and particularly powerful thighs; he has rather a thin tail, and very sound-looking legs, turning his fore-feet a little outwards. The Marquis is by Stockwell out of Cinizelli, by Touchstone, her dam Brocade, by Pantaloon, &c., was bred by Mr. Hawke. His principal performances have been the winning of the Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, in 1861, and the Prendergast and Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket. For the Derby of 1862 he was beaten by a neck by Caracacus, and won the St. Leger at Doncaster this year. That race was, perhaps, one of the most exciting ever run at Doncaster, the run in between the two favourites, Marquis and Buckstone, being a terrible struggle. After disposing of the other competitors for the great Yorkshire prize, Marquis and Buckstone, side by side, came on together, and ran such a finish as it is seldom our lot to behold. The pair raced head and head amid a scene of excitement that has had no parallel since the memorable dead heat between Russborough and Voltigeur in 1850. The Marquis was the first to "crack," opposite the middle of the stand enclosure; but Challoner, riding magnificently, made a vigorous effort, and though Buckstone, with Fordham on his back, for a single stride got his head in front, Marquis came again, and from sheer gameness alone won one of the most brilliant races on record by a head only. So near a thing did it seem that it was impossible for a moment for any but the judge to pronounce which had won; and the suspense and excitement among the crowd was tremendous, and the boldest held his breath for a time. This quiescent state was soon, however, succeeded by a feeling of intense anxiety when the numbers of the Marquis and Buckstone were placed on the telegraph board, and "a dead heat" was shouted on all sides. Mr. Clark's assistants had for the moment, it seems, become confused with the shoutings of the spectators, and a hastily-given counter-order from the judges set matters right, and "No. 11" was displayed, and the Marquis declared victorious. To describe what took place afterwards would be impossible. Defeating cheers greeted John Scott, Challoner, and the Marquis, and the veteran trainer was compelled to seek a chair in the clerk of the course's room, where Lord Strathmore and other noblemen were among the first to offer their congratulations. Mr. S. Hawke, the owner, we believe, backed his horse for £1,500, and the principal adherents of Whitehall, John Scott's stables, where Marquis was trained, laid good stakes. But though a favourite, no horse has ever encountered greater hostility of opinion than the Marquis. The present makes the sixth St. Leger that John Scott has won since 1851, with Newminster, West Australian, Warlock, Imperieuse, Gameter, and the Marquis—a most extraordinary series of triumphs; and it may be remarked, as a coincidence, that Challoner also rode Caller On, the winner last year, whilst the winners of the last three successive St. Legers—viz., St. Albans, Caller On, and the Marquis, are all by the celebrated sire Stockwell.

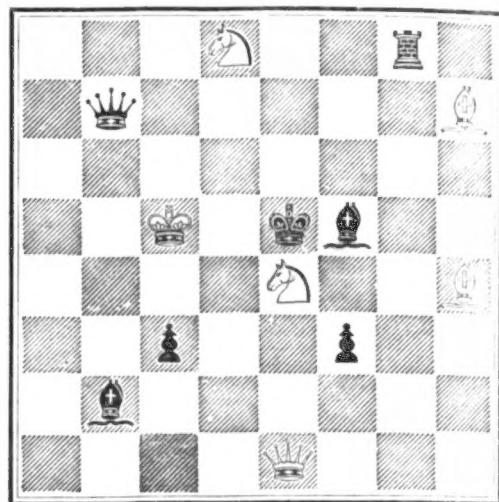
LOST PROPERTY AT THE EXHIBITION.

THE Lost Property-office at the Exhibition now contains a sufficient number and variety of articles to make up a very respectable display, and indeed there are very few of the thirty-six industrial classes of the Exhibition which could not be represented. There are walking-canes by the score, which would come under the head of animal and vegetable substances; and a very large variety of specimens of bread, and meat, and cold chicken, and ale, and gin, and sherry, and some curious compounds of rum and shrub, and gin and peppermint, which would make a tolerable show among the "substances used as food." There are several infant's shoes, bonnets, hats, and hoods. There are children's cloaks and capes; in fact, there is not an article of infantine wearing apparel or "requisite" which may not be found in the safe custody of the police. As visitors advance in years they do not appear to grow more mindful of their clothing. Shoes may be lost in a crowd; but by what strange influence could a lady have lost that stocking which one of the constables of this fortunate X division found near the philanthropic singing bullfinch in the Swiss Court? The records of the establishment show that on a day in July, when the thermometer stood at its highest reading, a female called at the office, and requested to leave a small parcel in charge of the police, apologising for the trouble thus given on the ground of the excessive heat, rendering it unpleasant to carry its contents. The lady, probably too much oppressed with the fatigue of sight-seeing in a heated and crowded building, omitted to call for the small parcel. It was opened a short time since, the contents—a flannel petticoat—being added to the miscellaneous wardrobe, now forming under the gallery-stairs by the police. No person would be surprised at a quantity of gloves, parasols, or umbrellas being lost or mislaid, nor of numerous articles of jewellery, such as brooches and pins, becoming unfastened and lost on the crowded days; but who could imagine a visitor under any circumstances of pressure of crowd, or sweltering atmosphere, losing a set of false teeth out of his mouth? It is a fact, however, that some person, lost in astonishment at the wonders on which he was gazing, did have the misfortune to lose his teeth. One gentleman has lost his wig, and, shade of Brummel! more than one has dropped his moustache, and an exquisite has parted with the flowing whisker from one side of his face.

SINGULAR TENACITY OF LIFE IN A LAMB.—Recently Mr. William Woolley, of Englishcombe, missed one of his lambs, and supposed it had been stolen; but a day or two since, on riding round the field in which it was missed, he discovered the lamb, which had forced itself into a rabbit hole, and being unable to extricate itself, it had remained there "for thirteen days" without food. It was, of course, in a very weak condition, but is now doing well.—*ath and Ch. Benham Gazette*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 57.—By T. SMITH, Spitalfields. Black.

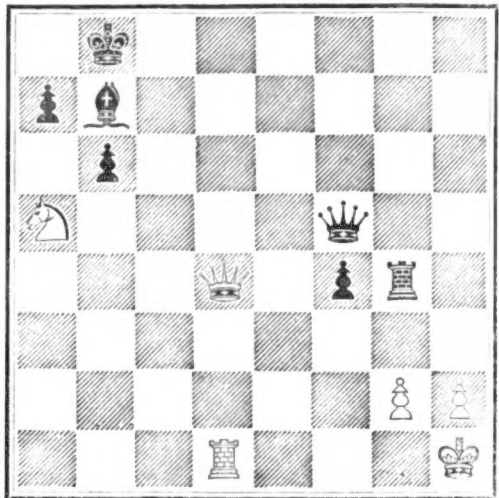


White.

White to move and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 58.—By ERCOLE DEL RIO.

Black.



White.

White to mate in four moves.

JAMES JONES (Liscard).—1. Problem No. 49 cannot be solved in less than four moves. If White play 1. Kt to Q 7. Black replies with P takes B. 2. The problem forwarded by you is not sufficiently difficult. 3. The rules have not yet been published.

B. X.—Your problems shall be examined, and duly reported upon.

RUSTIC.—You can obtain a very excellent set of chessmen for 5s. by applying to Mr. H. Dixon, 2, Gracechurch-street, London.

G. WEBB.—Mate cannot be effected in the way suggested by you in Problem 46, as Black could win by checking with his Rook.

STEPHEN WAY.—Do you observe that 1. Q to K Kt square in Problem No. 50 can be met by Black with K or B to Kt 4.

J. COLEBY.—The meaning of "White to move, and mate in three moves," is that White is to give checkmate, in despite of the best defence that Black can make.

R. W. BRADLEY.—The Staunton chessmen are very elegant in form, and possess this merit, they are so constructed that the large pieces do not hide from view the Pawns before which they may be placed.

DELTA.—1. We will endeavour to comply with your request in our next Number. 2. "Staunton's Handbook of Chess."

*. Through a misprint, Problem No. 54 is incorrectly given in our 49th Number. We now publish it in a correct form.

AMPUTATION THROUGH A LUTHER MATCH.—"A student," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "travelling a few days back on the railway to this place, to light a cigar took a phosphorus match from a box which he had just before purchased at Elberfeld. The matches being tightly packed, the young man introduced his finger nail between them to extract one when a small portion of phosphorus passed under the nail and ignited; and, although the flame was immediately extinguished, the hand had swelled so much on arriving at Dusseldorf that a surgeon advised its amputation. The student would not consent, and proceeded to Cologne, but on arriving there the swelling had so much increased as to render the amputation of both hand and arm necessary."

DOG AND LOBSTER.—A few evenings ago (says the *Montreal Witness*) a large, thorough bred bull-dog, was passing by the store of Mr. M. O'Hara in Craig-street, when its attention was attracted by the movements of a gigantic lobster, crawling in front of the door. The dog attacked the lobster, when the latter at once showed fight, extended its tremendous claws, and seized its antagonist by the leg. The dog vainly endeavoured to pierce its adversary's coat of mail, but still continued to fight. At length the lobster, letting go its hold of the dog, grasped the animal's tail with its powerful weapons of offence, and at once relinquished the contest and ran off, its adversary still maintaining its hold. At the corner of St. Lawrence Main-street the lobster was detached, when the dog halted and in a few minutes was out of sight; a large crowd witnessed the singular combat, and were as much surprised at its termination as at its commencement. The lobster was a most formidable specimen of its class, and weighed no less than 21 lb.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFILIATION CASE. — Michael Barrett, a middle-aged man, describing himself as the proprietor of a photographic establishment, at Lowestoft, Suffolk, appeared to a summons calling upon him to show cause why an order should not be made upon him to contribute towards the support of the illegitimate child of Eliza (Taxton, of which he was alleged to be the putative father. Mr. Moss, solicitor, appeared in support of the summons. The complainant, a respectable-looking young woman, stated that in the month of April, 1891, she was staying at North Walsham, on a visit to her aunt, in whose house the defendant occupied apartments at the time. In consequence of a connection which took place between them she became in the family-way, and had to leave her aunt's house in October, being confined on the 19th November of a male child, which was still living. She afterwards wrote to the defendant at Lowestoft, from Seelbergh, in Yorkshire, and received two letters from him containing post-office orders for £1 and £2 each, and subsequently received a letter through Mr. Kent, a solicitor of Lowestoft, being an agreement that he was to sign, by which defendant bound himself to allow her as much as 10s. per quarter. This agreement she signed in the presence of her father and mother, and it was returned to Mr. Kent, a copy of which she took at the time, and now produced. Mrs. Smith, complainant's aunt, gave evidence as to the defendant residing at her house at the time named in the letter, and also read which had been addressed to the mistress by the said gentleman, who attended the complainant in her confinement. The defendant had ever sworn, and denied that any such intimacy as that stated had ever existed between himself and the complainant. Mr. Moss, in sending her one post-office order for £2, and also in instructing Mr. Kent, solicitor, to write to the complainant, stating as a witness that he wished to save annoyance to an elderly woman, who might have shewn on such an occasion Mr. Trull's lack of judgment in appearance, he did not consider the defendant wanting in courage, and he thought his evidence very bad and very disgraceful. His worship then made an order for the payment of the usual weekly allowance of 2s. 6d. from the date of the application for the summons, and £12s. 6d. costs.

M. URBAIN RATAZZI.

M. URBAIN RATAZZI was born at Alessandria, June 29, 1808, and is descended from a family distinguished in both law and politics. His father was for some time Secretary of the Council of Justice, and his uncle had been a member of the Cabal of Alessandria in 1815. Ratazzi commenced his career as a barrister at Turin, and joined the Court of Appeal established at Casale (1838), where he distinguished himself by his knowledge and natural eloquence. After the revolution of 1848 and the constitution of Charles Albert, he was sent by the College of Alessandria to the Chamber of Deputies convened at Turin, where he took part with the liberal and patriotic. After the defeat of Custozza, he was called upon by the King to take part in the formation of a Ministry, which, however, lasted only eight days. Ratazzi then threw his energies into the cause of the Opposition, which had for its leader Gioberti. After the triumph of this party on December 15, Ratazzi was appointed Minister of the Interior; but he soon separated himself from his chief, on account of the project of sending a Piedmontese expedition to Rome with the ostensible purpose of re-establishing the power of the Pope. This proposition, violently opposed by the Parliament led to the overthrow of Gioberti.

Restored to power three months after, in consequence of the abdication of Charles Albert, Ratazzi became the democratic leader of the Opposition. He gradually advanced in influence, and sided with the moderate party, who exerted themselves in the cause of reform. He was appointed Vice-President, then President of the Chamber in 1852. Shortly after he was appointed a Minister of State, and had as colleague Count Cavour, President of the Council (1854). During the elections which took place three years afterwards (1857), he was returned to his post in a manner which evinced his great popularity not only at Turin, but in Piedmont generally. At the death of Count Cavour, Baron Ricasoli became Prime Minister of Victor Emmanuel, but not being sufficiently pliant to the views of Louis Napoleon he was dismissed, and Ratazzi, who had been some time resident in Paris, and in close intimacy with the French Emperor, was appointed to his place. Since then the policy of the Court of Turin has been entirely in accordance with that of Louis Napoleon. Hence Garibaldi's gallant attempt on Rome was frustrated by the treachery of Ratazzi, and, perhaps, at the present moment, there is not a more unpopular man in Italy than Victor Emmanuel's Prime Minister.

WATERING-PLACES, No. 10.—GREAT MALVERN.

This celebrated village is delightfully situated at the foot of a serpentine valley or ravine, which runs up between the Worcestershire Beacon and the North Hill, and is well sheltered on either hand by the mountain masses. It is situated in the county of Worcester.

Previous to the Norman Conquest Malvern was a wilderness, thick set with trees, in the midst of which some monks, who aspired to greater spiritual excellence than was compatible with communion with the active world, retired from the Priory of Worcester and became hermits. Their number soon increased to 300; they then formed themselves into a society, according to the order and regulations of St. Benedict, and elected Alwin, one of their company, to be their superior. Thus the Malvern monastery was founded about the year 1083, with the consent and approbation of St. Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

To the thousands dispersing themselves in the course of the summer months over the face of the country in search of health and relaxation, a more agreeable or eligible resort than Great Malvern cannot be recommended. It is, perhaps, the most romantic and beautiful of all the watering places. The



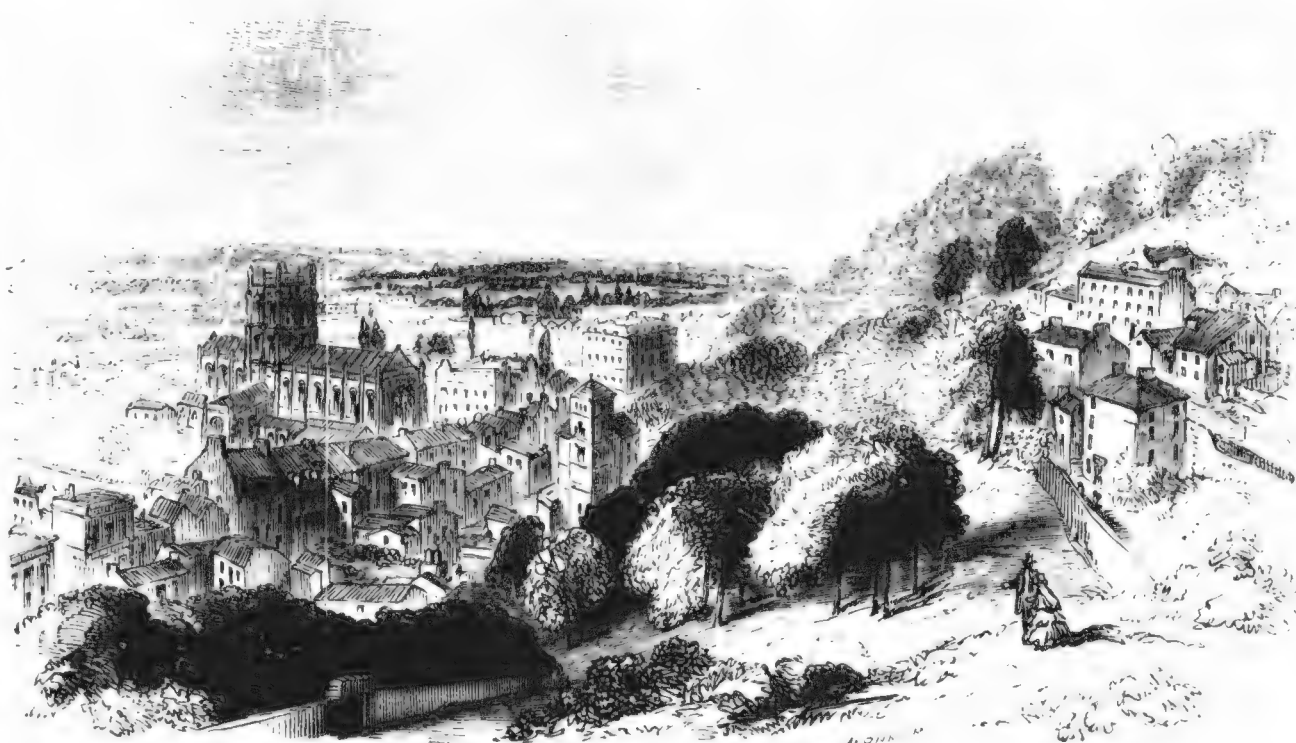
M. URBAIN RATAZZI.

Malvern Hills, situated on the confines of Worcester and Hereford, form the western boundary of the Vale of the Severn, whose silvery stream can be traced from their summit, winding its course through a rich and cultivated landscape. These hills are composed of a hard, compact rock, covered, for the most part, with a green turf, through which, in many places, the grey and weather-beaten stone protrudes a rugged and majestic front, marbled over with many a rare and hardy lichen. These hills rise precipitously, in some parts, to a height of fourteen or fifteen hundred feet; and several pointed or conical summits present a varied and undulating outline, highly picturesque and pleasant to the eye. The two highest points are situated at the northern extremity of the chain—the one is called the Worcestershire Beacon, the other

treatment of disease. But long previous to the birth of Priestnitz, the modern originator of this treatment, Malvern enjoyed a wide celebrity for the medicinal properties of its waters. Many wonderful cures had been effected by the water here, and "the old practice," we are informed, "was to lie in bed, and even to sleep with wet rags over the diseased parts. Indeed, many persons used, when applying it to leprosy eruptions, to soak their garments in the water and put them on wet, without, as it is reported, receiving any hurt from the practice." It is not difficult to discern in these old, "wet rags" the germ of the modern dripping-sheet; so that in this, as in ten thousand other so-called new inventions, we have nothing else than the resuscitation of old ones. Verily, the Hebrew sage spake truly: "There is nothing new under the sun."

"The chalybeate spring at Great Malvern," says a medical writer, "a few years since was held in considerable repute, having been of great service to many invalids; but in consequence of some injudicious interference it was lost, and several endeavours to find it again proved fruitless. It has lately however been re-discovered at a short distance only from its original site."

The air of Malvern has always been considered as extremely pure and invigorating; indeed, the effects produced on invalids who free from serious organic disease, are yet suffering from debility, with the long train of symptoms too often accompanying this state of the system, are frequently quite astonishing and surprising.



VIEW OF GREAT MALVERN.

the North Hill. The highest points of these hills are accessible by means of easy and delightful walks, which, during the season are traversed by parties of pedestrians, or of invalids on donkeys, enjoying the many magnificent views with which the country abounds, and courting the invigorating breezes which carry health and healing upon their wings. The scenic panorama visible from these hills is of the most delightful description. On the one side lie the counties of Hereford and Shropshire, outlined in the distance by the mountains of Wales, softened into an azure haze; on the other side is unfolded the broad Vale of the Severn, stretched out like a green carpet, on which are embowered the floral glories of the most luxuriant vegetation, and crowned with towns, cities, and villages. Here the eye can gaze over the cathedrals of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester—the habitations of Cheltenham and Tewkesbury, the bridge at Upton over the Severn, and many more interesting objects than our space will permit us to particularize.

The Malvern hills rise on the east over an ample vale of new red sandstone, while on the west they tower over a vast extent of silurian strata.

The Malvern Hills themselves were evidently elevated in a solid state from a surrounding sea by some tremendous force, probably of a volcanic character, at an early period of geological history.

"The whole of the valley," says the distinguished Sir Roderick Murchison, "lying between the Cotswold Hills and the Malvern Hills was covered by a sea whose waves beat angrily and solitarily against these points." Who shall say when? It is, however, no more startling in its nature than the geological fact that once on a time "Folkestone and Dover were united to Calais and Boulogne." On the assumption that Sir Roderick Murchison is correct in his hypothesis, it will be seen that anciently a very different aqueous arrangement separated England from Wales. These Malvern Hills would then be the extreme points of the Welsh country, joining themselves, as now in Herefordshire, while the mighty sea rolled along the strait separating Worcestershire from the opposite point of Gloucestershire. In fact, Worcestershire owes a great portion of its existence to the receding of the waters of those remote epochs. Indeed, when we run our eyes over the scenery, it seems quite natural to conclude that this was its former condition, making Wales a complete island, and thus scooping out at that remote period those lovely hills into seagirt caves and rocks.

Great Malvern is now chiefly celebrated for being the metropolis of the hydropathic, or water-applying treatment of disease. But long previous to the birth of Priestnitz, the modern originator of this treatment, Malvern enjoyed a wide celebrity for the medicinal properties of its waters. Many wonderful cures had been effected by the water here, and "the old practice," we are informed, "was to lie in bed, and even to sleep with wet rags over the diseased parts. Indeed, many persons used, when applying it to leprosy eruptions, to soak their garments in the water and put them on wet, without, as it is reported, receiving any hurt from the practice." It is not difficult to discern in these old, "wet rags" the germ of the modern dripping-sheet; so that in this, as in ten thousand other so-called new inventions, we have nothing else than the resuscitation of old ones. Verily, the Hebrew sage spake truly: "There is nothing new under the sun."

A FEARFUL SHIPWRECK.

In the *Times of India* we read the following account of the wreck of the *Columbus* on Aug. 15:

"The ship was 760 tons burden, and sailed from Jeddah for Singapore about the 26th of July; she had a crew of forty men and 230 passengers, including two Austrian gentlemen and their wives, the remainder being principally Malay pilgrims returning from Mecca. The vessel was laden with salt, dates, wool, and ghee. She had also twenty-five horses on board, and neither ship nor cargo, we understand, were insured. Six days before the wreck the vessel sprung a leak, which on the third day increased so much that the pumps were useless, and the salt having melted, the ship became water-logged, and rolled so dangerously that the master determined to make for the nearest land. He put the ship before the wind, and crowded all sail on her for two days. On the evening of the 15th, the wind blowing hard at the time with lightning and rain, the lead told them they were in eight fathoms, then seven, when they shortened sail, and finally six, when they dropped anchor, although they could see no land. The anchor dragged, and soon after the cable parted, when the vessel struck and went to pieces almost immediately. She lay in a shallow bay, where the black rock cropped up through the sand. For more than a quarter of a mile from the shore, along the whole bay, it was one waste of breakers. All on board tried to save themselves by clinging to portions of the wreck, and many succeeded in reaching the land, though wounded and bruised, by the surf hurling them ashore. The Austrian gentleman stated with much emotion that his wife, his brother, and his brother's wife were among the lost. His name Otto Albin, and he was one of 130 of the survivors who were found congregated at Wurroda.

About thirty Malays were found at Malgond, which is half-way between Pooley and Wurroda. On coming within a mile of Wurroda some broken objects were seen lying on the sand within the wash of the waves. On going nearer they were found to be the bodies of a Malay, a Chinaman, and a Chinese woman, all perfectly naked, and all with their skulls fractured, and fearful bruises on body and limb. For the next mile it was the same: every few hundred yards men, women, and children, all quite naked, frightfully wounded and bruised, lay dead on the sand and among the rocks in every conceivable attitude. Nearer the place where the vessel broke up were dead horses and other animals, and just opposite to where she struck, well up on the beach, was a large pile of broken beams, spars, ribs, and planking, and tightly jammed between them, and under them, the dead bodies of men and horses, sheep, goats, and fowls, Persian cats, Manilla dogs, and large rats, all beginning to decompose. Upon the grass at the top of the beach, above this horrible heap, were about twenty bodies that had come on shore the previous day, among them the bodies of Maria and Annette Albin, the Austrian women; and here we notice with pleasure an instance of delicacy and respect to Europeans evinced by the villagers, or by the native police of the place. All the many dead Malay women, as well as men, were lying quite naked on the beach, but these two white women were reverently covered and laid by themselves. Nor was this done to please Europeans, for no European was expected so soon upon the spot, and the surviving Austrian was three miles off. One of the women, a young creature, except for the cloth thrown over her, and a pair of stockings and boots which she wore, was quite naked, and both the poor creatures' bodies were fearfully bruised and cut. Decomposition had begun, and there was no means of conveying their remains to Rutnagherry; so a wide grave was dug, and their few ornaments being removed, they were laid in it together, and a bit of broken white painted spar placed at the head and another at the foot of the grave. Before the earth was filled in the missing body of the husband of one of them was washed on shore, and he was laid with them. Like all the rest he was quite naked, the clothes having been frayed off his body by the violence of the surf. His name was Matthias Albin. Large pits were dug close to the beach for the other bodies, which, if the sea had given them all up, must, I fear, number nearly 100; there were then sixty-four, of whom twelve were women, on the beach and in the surf.

It was with difficulty that the vultures could be kept off them. Some packages of wax and dates had washed up, but they were much damaged, and there was little of any value among the large quantity of fragments of the ship and broken boxes. All were placed in charge of a sufficient party of police. The survivors were carried to Rutnagherry, as there was not food enough for so many in the small villages where they were. They all arrived at that station, except one or two sick, and were placed in a bungalow, that happened to be vacant, and in two mesquies.

THE LOST COW.

A farmer residing near Durham took two cows to dispose of at the fair held in that city on Friday last. He succeeded in obtaining 17*l.* for the animals, and towards evening he proceeded homeward. On going up the North-road he was accosted by a respectfully-dressed young man, who asked him if he had met a stray cow, which he (the stranger) unfortunately had lost. Our unsophisticated friend, considering that he had made such an excellent bargain for his horned quadrupeds, and had the seventeen sovereigns safe in his pocket, doubtless sympathised with the bereaved stranger, but was constrained to reply in the negative. The distressed young man upon this gave audible manifestations of mental anguish at his loss, but with a determined effort he succeeded in suppressing his emotion, and philosophically remarked that it was a "bad job," but he supposed that he must make the "best" of it. He then tenderly inquired of the old gentleman in which direction he was going; and on receiving a reply, was delighted to hear that the road in question was exactly the one which led to his maternal domicile, and he should be happy to accompany Mr. Verdant homewards. In the warmth of his heart, however, in having met with such a sympathising friend, the afflicted one proposed that they should have a drop together before setting out, and the worthy farmer being nothing loth, the twain at once adjourned to a neighbouring hostelry. Here the generous stranger regaled his new found friend with copious libations of mine host's best, and whilst so engaged another respectable-looking individual accidentally came into the room. After some conversation on various topics, gentleman No. 3, incidentally remarked, "would they like to see a trick with cards?" The young man who had lost his cow was much shocked at

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

A STORY OF THE OLD INN.

BY A TRAVELLER.

MANY a year ago now, before the days of steam, when that splendid combination of grace, lightness, and speed, forming the very "poetry of motion," when the mail-coach was in its glory, and the ever grown green or sooty beetle, the locomotive, was only latent in the teeming brain of Watt and Stephenson—many years ago, I repeat, when I was travelling for a City house of —, I happened to be in the north of England, and the coach stopped before the door of the chief inn, the boast of the pretty provincial town of — (these names matter little), and while the horses were being changed I got down off the box-seat and entered into the bar to make the most of the brief quarter of an hour left us for refreshment.

While standing at the bar, my wandering eyes taking in all its details, its dazzle of clean glasses, the prismatic hues of the bottles and decanters, the hospitable aspect of the whole *locale*, while I glanced at the smiling, buxom, and comely hostess, and admired her two pretty daughters, my gaze was riveted on another personage I had not before seen, and I witnessed, in that brief moment, a scene as striking as it was extraordinary.

The personage in question was a girl of about fourteen, tall, well-formed, and possessing a face of extraordinary attraction.

She was dressed in that neat old-fashioned cotton

In fact, its rubicund and blotchy appearance told of habitual intemperance. Even then, though it was but mid-noon he was advanced in liquor.

He stood, slightly swaying himself to and fro, in the centre of the passage, and leaning upon the beautiful young girl in so offensive a manner that I felt inclined to strike him.

It was a contrast so utterly between them, that while she looked the very type of virginal purity he was the incarnation of gross depravity.

He leered on the girl as I have said, but when he turned his blood-shot eyes upon the comely lad, the horrible malignity of his gaze was positively fiendish.

The youth had approached close to the girl, and taking advantage of the bustle going on within the bar—not seeing the evil eye bent on him—was hastily whispering some few words which brought a pleased smile once more upon her sweet face.

"Hush, Harry!" I heard her say, "here's Squire Pumphrey in the passage; don't let him hear you."

The youth started, looked round and saw the wicked leer and the fiendish look.

Squire Pumphrey advanced and, seizing the young man by the shoulder, lifted up his riding whip saying, —

"Dang thee for a whipper-snapper, what dost thou come in my way for?"

"I'm not in your way."

"Yes thee art, be cursed to thee!" and all the venom of his enraged blood blazed in his face.

"Go, Harry, go!" pleaded the girl, turning deadly pale. "Go, and do not anger him!"

I was so much enraged at the insolence of this petty tyrant, that I was about to interfere.

"Aye—go, Harry, go!" he repeated, with a grin of contempt. "And do thee come here pretty one, and tell me when thou'lt kiss me?" and he caught her by the arm, so that the girl, in sheer terror, screamed out.

"Now, then, squire, what are you doing to Matty?" cried the landlady, angrily, as she appeared at the bar-door. "Do let the poor girl alone, for pity's sake!"

Everyone seemed to stand in some awe of this man, but as Harry disappeared, and as Matty had run away, and as the squire himself, with a coarse joke, strode away, and as the coach was ready, this little episode was over, and I was on my way many a mile London-ward.

I could not but think over the matter, and wonder how all would end, for something seemed to whisper to me that it had not yet come.

I learned from the coachman, however, that this Squire Pumphrey was as unprincipled a tyrant, as his wealth and unbridled passions could make him. He was feared and hated by all around him, and he had been known to swear that pretty Matty should be one of his victims.

I only hoped that Matty might be sent away, and hinted so; but, I know not for what reason this, it appears, could not possibly be.

Harry was a near relative of the host of the inn, with whom he then lived; and I was quite right in my conjecture, that the young folks were sweethearts; and that the squire hated the youth, with all the hatred of a human devil.

Some two years and a half after this, I had occasion to make the same journey, and there learned the particulars of a bloody tragedy, which had been perpetrated by Squire Pumphrey; who, by this time, had become so headlong in his courses, that his sanity might fairly be doubted; but who was to touch a man so high and mighty as he?

It appears that one afternoon, of a previous week, the squire had called at the inn, had dismounted off his horse at the door, and had entered as usual; and, as was his custom, demanded a bumper of port, being already under the influence of liquor.

It was the misfortune of Matty to meet this wretched creature whenever he came there, and so it was on this present occasion.

Matty, I need not say, had, in the two years that were gone, grown into a fine young woman—beautiful, modest, and good; Squire Pumphrey had, in no way, slackened in his attempts to master her, though, hitherto, he had been completely foiled.

Seeing her at this evil moment, he made a bound at her, and grasped her in his arms with irresistible force, shouting out,—

"I have thee now, Matty—shan't get away wench—kiss me—kiss me, I say. Nay, then, dost zounds! I'll kiss thee," and, by superior strength, he strained her to his breast, and showered down his filthy delectations on a face, hitherto unpoluted by him.

A scream brought Harry bounding into the passage, and, seeing what was going forward, he sprung like a tiger on the squire, striking him a blow on the face, which made the giant reel, while he loosened his hold of Matty, who fell in a faint to the ground.

"By —!" shouted the squire, with an awful adjuration; "you shall have it this time, lad!"

Making a leap to the side of the bar, the squire



THE OLD INN.

this proposition, as should his respectable "parent" at home ascertain that he had indulged in anything of the kind he was sure she would never pardon the indiscretion. His tender scruples, however, at length were overcome, and "dame Fortune," so far favoured him that money was transferred from the pockets of the stranger to his own with such rapidity that the value of the cow promised at once to be quadrupled. Our farmer now began to have some qualms of conscience as to the rectitude of not endeavouring to appropriate to himself some of the proceeds of this apparently inexhaustible mine of wealth, and he was in consequence easily induced to participate in the game. Resolved to be cautious, the first time he only put on £4; when lo! from some unaccountable caprice of the cards both he and his first friend lost their money. The operation was repeated with varying degrees of success, but somehow or other the victim ultimately found himself, as might be expected, minus the whole £17. The two friends, of course, soon found pretexts to decamp. The police were put on the alert, but they managed to get clear off. The hero of this oft-told-story was by this time a "sadder but a wiser man," and the last our informant heard of him was, that an unsympathising wag, as the poor man was preparing to wend his melancholy way homewards, advised him, if he should be so fortunate as to fall in with it, to compensate himself by appropriating "the lost cow!" —*Newcastle Chronicle*.

WOMEN have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are by far the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

print, and its neatness and cleanliness added so much charm and grace to her figure that I could not remove my eyes from her.

Suddenly the calm, almost cheerful, look upon her face vanished, and left only a mingled expression of pain, distrust, and fear; and for the moment I could not make out the cause.

Presently this explained itself.

Approaching her from a cross passage, came a good-looking youth of about eighteen, as near as I could judge, and his crisp, brown curls, fresh, healthy look, white teeth, and honest smile were no less pleasant to look upon than was the young hand-maiden's face.

His dress, mixing that of the sportsman with that of a provincial of better standing, made it difficult to know what his precise occupation could be, though that was of no particular consequence.

I guessed at once that they were lovers, yet why that cloud upon her brow?

Again, the second mystery was cleared up.

Looking in the opposite direction, I saw a third individual so clearly unlike either of the former that the girl's look of dread was not to be wondered at.

This was a big, burly man of ample proportions, and apparently about thirty-eight to forty years of age.

But his besotted face was the most brutal, sensual, and satyr-like countenance ever witnessed out of the caverns of Rubens.

His dress bespoke a superior station, and in effect denoted him a man of good position. His green hunting-coat, his drab breeches, his top-boots, his hat quite in the "sporting" mode, and his heavy-handled riding-whip told of the hunting squire of days gone by, when men drank their three bottles, and lay snoring their drunken sleep under the table.

thing which followed was his driving the broad blade knife, which, by a fatality, chanced to be within his reach, right to the haft in the bosom of his unhappy victim.

The act of murder was seen by one or two domes for whom the sound of his voice had brought them, so that the murderer, for such it was, required no proof.

"Aye, come and look at 'un—come on, one and all—he'll wait for you, I warrant me!" and, in shuddering horror, they beheld the wretch gleefully looking at his victim, who had fallen with his back to the bar counter.

The affrighted servants—the host and a whole posse of them now came in and approached the murderer.

"Aye—come along, come along—he'll not get up in a hurry, curse him!" he yelled out.

Yes, there he lay, doubled together as it were in the bloody collapse of death; and, standing before him, with a broad-bladed knife in his hand, holding out his tongue jeeringly at his victim, was the squire.

"I've done for 'un," he shouted out, "and now I'll do for Matty, too."

He looked about him, brandishing the knife, but Matty had fortunately escaped, and a bystander struck him with a heavy bludgeon so severe a blow on the arm, that the knife dropped out of his hand, and thus disarmed, he was speedily secured.

He was now in—gaol, waiting to take his trial for wilful murder at the assizes, where I was determined to be present.

Besides, I felt a painful interest in the beautiful girl who had been betrayed in so brutal a manner—a victim to the passions of a wretch who was little better than a wild beast.

The atrocious nature of the crime brought persons from all parts of the country to witness it; and while the liveliest sympathy was shown on behalf of "Matty," the name of Squire Pumphrey was covered with scorn and obloquy.

His fate was debated openly, and without a dissentient voice it was determined that the gallows was his doom, and that even such a death as that was too good for him.

The trial commenced with all the forms of the law, and when the criminal was put into the dock the aspect of the man was so appalling, that humanity was touched, and you pitied while you execrated him.

His once plump, ruddy-tinted cheeks had become perfectly cadaverous and sunken. The skin hung loosely like the jowl of a dog, and the eyes were fallen in their orbits; he was, in truth, a ghastly, awful spectacle to look upon, but he was not as ghastly an object as the unhappy youth who lay at his feet with that horrid gash in his breast, out of which his life-blood flowed.

The trial proceeded with all the circumstantial (and proven) details, which the nature of the case demanded; and it was shown that all along his conduct had been unmanly in an atrocious degree towards the poor girl, while the bitterest animus was proved against him towards the murdered man.

The prisoner clung with palsied hands to the edge of the dock, and as by degrees the case was drawing itself home against him, the horror of his countenance exceeded description.

When asked what he had to say in reply to certain parts of the evidence, his eyes wandered vacantly around the roof, averting them from the myriad eyes around him.

"Not guilty, my lord," he mumbled. "I'm Squire Pumphrey—not guilty!"

It was a pitiable sight, one which allied contempt with commiseration. He was a man whose wealth and position could not preserve him from the consequences of his detestable vicious propensities.

Whether at the time he was maddened by drinking, by his raging passions, and by the blow struck him, is immaterial. He had committed the deed, and his whole life had been a tissue of foul and brutal wrongs.

The earth is sweeter when such as he are purged away, and the rest of mankind better.

The trial continued, and the charge for the prosecution was so full, so complete, that the counsel for the defence attempted to set up a plea of insanity, which almost drew a yell of execration from the whole auditory, and silence was only obtained with considerable difficulty.

When Matty was called upon to give her evidence, and to swear to his identity, she trembled so that she could scarcely stand.

"Look at the prisoner, and say if you know the man," said the judge, impressively.

There was a pause—a breathless silence throughout the court.

"Collect yourself," continued the judge, much moved by her evident distress. "I commend rate your pain, and you may lessen its continuance by an immediate reply."

Slowly, the two lifted up their eyes, and for an instant they met.

"Oh, yes! I know him, but too well, the wicked—well I beg pardon me!"

The man shrunk back, and shrank away.

Matty was helped down, and borne off in strong convulsions.

The jury, after being absent a brief while, brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and sentence was pronounced accordingly.

The said sentence was duly carried out, but as it was a scene of almost unrecalled horror I shall not attempt to describe it.

I have visited the "Old Inn" since, and robbled around its pleasant garden plots, for its trade having declined, and its elder owners passed away, it sustained some few alterations, and is now a charming family dwelling.

I have met with Matty but once since. Time has brought her some compensation, for she is a venerable grandaunt, and has rosy grandchildren around her feet.

I have here (in the capacity of "traveller") something to say about the "Old Inn," only I may chance to meet my readers again, and give another form of interest to what I may have to say.



"THE WAITRESS."

THE pretty drawing of "The Waitress," we have engraved above, and which forms a rather prominent object in the Exhibition, is exhibited by a firm long and intimately connected with the manufacture of chocolate and cocoa—Messrs. Dunn and Hewett, of Pentville. Indeed, to the late senior member of the firm belonged the merit of being the inventor and first maker of soluble cocoa, a combination of cocoa, arrowroot, and sugar, by which the tedious process of preparation was obviated; while to the junior member is due the credit of being the inventor and first manufacturer of an article which bids fair to exceed all its rivals in popularity—the "Lichen Islandicus," or "Island Moss Cocoa."

Their stand in the eastern annexe, though inferior to some others we recently described in general appearance, is more interesting to the intelligent observer. We miss any masses of cocoa, which can readily be imagined, and of comparatively little use when seen; but we have, instead, some most excellent specimens of theobromine, caffeine, and theine—the active principles of cocoa, tea, and coffee. There are also some remarkable fine specimens of the fruit of the theobromine cocoa, imported, we believe, from Trinidad, expressly for the Exhibition, and including, therefore, we may presume, some of the finest specimens the island can produce; while, close at hand, is a very well-executed drawing of the theobromine cocoa, exhibiting the method of gathering the fruit, as well as its appearance on the tree.

We might have preferred that specimens of the various articles manufactured should be exhibited, but for the fact that it requires an experienced eye to detect the qualities of cocoa and chocolate, and even with its assistance recourse must be had to the other senses, obviously, in this case, an impossibility. We are not surprised, therefore, that a firm so well known for the intrinsic qualities of its productions (though, by the way, behindhand in some matters of artistic taste) should prefer to place them before the public in so simple a form. Their homoeopathic cocoa, soluble chocolate and cocoa, have long been held in the highest repute; and we can avow from experience, having taken it almost daily since the period of its introduction, that their Island moss cocoa (the original) is not surpassed, or equalled, by any article we have met with. We believe that as a flesh-preserving and nutritive diet, the beverage produced from it is not equalled by any article of the *crustacea*—a fact clearly evinced by the eagerness with which other makers have pounced upon and appropriated not only the name, but even the labels and certificates of the original makers.

Of the essence of cocoa exhibited we can, of course, form no idea without tasting it; but we believe it is held in high repute by "coffee-drinkers," and Dr. Normandy, the well-known analytical chemist, in his "Chemical Hand-book," declares it the only one he has met with in commerce which he can recommend as genuine. It is to the senior partner of this firm that we are indebted for the admirable work on cocoa.

It is needless to specify the articles in the manufacture of which this firm holds a prominent place. Suffice it to say that they manufacture under a certificate from Mr. Normandy, involving a forfeiture of £50 in any case in which adulteration or falsification of any of their articles is discovered by him—a course we should be glad to see more frequently followed by other makers and dealers in articles of human diet.

As a diet daily increasing in consumption, the cocoa-cakes, both here and at the South Kensington Museum, attract, as might be expected, a considerable amount of attention; and we have reason to believe that the energy of this and other firms has done much to revolutionize the public taste in regard to this delightful beverage. Certainly it is no small credit to the late Mr. Dunn that, at any rate, he laid the foundation of a system of manufacture which has effected this great result—that what Linnaeus in his day regarded as "food fit for the gods," has become, in ours, "food for the masses of men."

GRATITUDE. A PERSIAN STORY.

RUSTEM, who once swayed the sceptre of Persia, was negligent of business and a slave to pleasure. His jeweller was the most important personage at his court. To him he committed the education of his son, Narwan; and the preceptor, whose heart lured after wealth, instilled avarice into the mind of the youth. A Jew from Aleppo one day brought precious stones of the greatest beauty to the sultan's seraglio for sale. Prince Narwan insisted on having them at a price arbitrarily fixed by him, and when the Jew threatened to complain of his treatment to the sultan, the prince ordered his slaves to beat him so unmercifully, that the poor fellow expired under the blows of his tormentors.

After some time, Rustem was informed of this circumstance; he was exceedingly incensed against Salem, the jeweller, and banished him

from his court. The prince, too, was exiled to a distant palace.

Salem withdrew, and immediately set out to leave the dominions of the sultan. He had reached a well, when he had the misfortune to fall into a wolf-pit, in which there were already three prisoners, a lion, an ape, and a serpent. Salem passed a whole day in the company of these animals, in continual fear of being torn in pieces. At length a man appeared on the brink of the pit, and when he cried out lustily for help, the stranger let down a rope, for the purpose of liberating the half-dead Jew; but the ape was too quick for Salem, and catching hold of the rope, was drawn up by the traveller. Perceiving the misfortune of the stranger at his unexpected appearance, he thus addressed him—

"Be not of saving my life. Brutes are more grateful than men, and depend upon it, thou wilt get no good by it if thou deliverest the man down yonder; but shouldst thou ever

want my assistance, thou mayst rely upon me with confidence. I live at the foot of the mountain."

The traveller built very little on the promises of the ape, and let down the rope around time into the pit; but this time the lion got hold of the man, and was drawn up to the terror of the stranger. He also expressed his acknowledgments to his deliverer, and promised, when opportunity should offer, to manifest his gratitude. The same thing happened the third time with the serpent, and Salem was the last that was drawn out. He loaded the stranger with assurances of his everlasting gratitude, and expressed in his conversation so deep a sense of justice and religion, that the traveller deemed himself fortunate in having rescued a philosopher from destruction. Salem sought his benefactor to accompany him to his habitation, hoping, by means of his extraordinary story, to regain the favour of the sultan; but as the stranger was not to be diverted from the object of his journey, he parted from him with cordial and repeated assurances of his eternal obligations.

Achmet—such was the name of the stranger—pursued his way to India, and was so successful in his speculations there, that he set out on his return, enriched with diamonds of the greatest value. He had arrived at the spot where he had rescued Salem and the three animals from the wolf-pit, and the remembrance of this good deed gave him particular pleasure. All at once he was attacked by robbers, plundered of his treasures, and bound to a tree, he found himself exposed to a lingering death by hunger in the wilderness. In this melancholy condition he was rescued by the appearance of the very ape whom he had a year ago delivered from the pit. The grateful animal gnawed to pieces the cords that bound him, and conducted him to a cavern, where he appeased his hunger with fruit of various kinds; he then hastened to the caves where the robbers of Achmet dwelt, and carrying off a bag full of gold, and the richest garments, joyfully brought his body to his benefactor; and when the latter had dressed him, he went with him, and led him out of the forest. But they had not gone far, before they were met by a tremendous lion, who obstructed the way, and opened his massive jaws as if to swallow them up. Achmet shuddered, but he was soon relieved from his apprehensions; for the lion proved to be the same whose life he had saved twelve months before. The lion requested Achmet to accompany him to his den, and begging him to remain there till he should come back, he hastened away. The palace to which Prince Narwan was exiled was not far from the forest. The lion ran thither, and finding the prince walking abroad, he fell upon him and tore him to pieces; but his exceedingly rich turban, adorned with jewels, he brought as a present to Achmet, whom he then conducted to the environs of the city, in which Salem, late jeweller to the sultan, resided.

Achmet, moved by the generosity and gratitude of the two animals, promised himself still more cordial demonstrations of acknowledgement from a man who was under equal obligations to him; and went straightway to Salem, who received him very courteously, and after listening with astonishment to the new wonderful adventure with the ape and the lion, solemnly protested that he would not be surpassed by those animals in generosity and grateful attachment.

The death of the prince was already known to the whole city. Salem had recognised the turban in Achmet's possession as being the same which the prince had worn; and as soon as his guest had lain down to sleep, the perfidious jeweller repaired to the sultan.

"Mighty ruler of the world!" said he, "the murderer of thy son is in my house. I have seen the turban of the prince, with all the costly jewels that adorn it, in the hands of my guest. There can be no doubt that he is his murderer. Give orders, O king! that he be brought to thy feet."

This was done forthwith, and Achmet was conducted into the presence of the sultan. He was ignorant how the lion had come by the richly-decorated turban, nor had he heard till that moment of the death of the prince. But when he saw Salem by the side of the sultan, it was clear to him that his host had betrayed his treasures to the sultan, and he was sorry that he had not followed the advice of the ape, who had predicted that he would have reason to repent it if he released the man out of the pit.

Achmet was condemned to be paraded through the whole city on an ass, and to be thrown in a dungeon. This sentence was immediately executed; and there he lay in the dungeon, deeply deploring his melancholy fate, when the very same serpent which he had delivered out of the pit, approached him. It informed him, that the lion had killed the prince and then said—

"I am now come to be grateful to thee for thy kindness. Take this herb; it is an antidote to the strongest poison. I have bitten the sultan's daughter, and thou alone wilt be able to cure her. Tell thy gaoler what a wonderful libation possesses."

Achmet did not fail to comply; and he was quickly conducted to the princess, who was sick unto death. The sultan was beside himself for joy when he saw his daughter instantaneously restored, and ordered the man who had saved her so miraculously to be rewarded with the choicest gifts. But Achmet seized this favourable opportunity to avail himself of the sultan's favour for his justification. He first related to him the deliverance of the ape, the lion, and the serpent, and afterwards the circumstances of the prince's death. Salem's ingratitude he mentioned with indignation at his inhuman peridy, and implored the sultan to decree his punishment. The sultan was highly incensed at Salem's baseness; he ordered him to be immediately seized and beheaded in the public place. But Achmet, loaded with presents, proceeded to his own home.

And thus the story teaches us, not to bestow confidence on anyone whose integrity we have not tried.

SPEAK low, ladies, and yet always endeavour to be high-toned women.

Edit and Elidom.

Why is a thriving tradesman like ice?—Because he is solvent.
Why is a cannon just fired like a whipped school-boy?—Because it is warm at the breech.
As long as a miser lives his money chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

WHAT EVERY IRON HORSE REQUIRES.—Occasional switching.

WHAT IS THE GREATEST CURIOSITY IN THE WORLD?—A woman's.

A TENDER LEGAL QUESTION.—The Legal Tender question.

COMMANDER BY REGULAR "BRICKS."—The Mississippi mortar boats.

THERE is nothing on earth divine besides humanity.

A THOUGHTLESS word may excite a world of thought.

THE most telling newspapers are not always truth-telling ones.

WE embark in the cradle for a long voyage; in the coffin for a longer one.

PLEASER itself soon ceases to be pleasure when there is no object in it but pleasure.

A CHEERFUL disposition is the cricket of the cheerless heart-stone.

A VERY CONFUSED SORT OF QUERY.—Is a cheval-glass anything like a Stirrup-Cup?

MANY a soulless married pair think their home would be a palace if they only had a *lad in*.

IF old Time were to exchange his hour-glass for a wine-glass, we should have a high Time.

IT is not so pleasant for nations to mingle their blood in battle as by intermarriages.

WHAT is the French for sleigh-horses? Cheval de "freeze."

IF the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

THE more tea you put in the pot, the stronger the water will be.

THE individual who broke the ice by his first speech was drowned by applause.

WHY DRUMMERS DON'T FEAR DEATH.—Because they have crossed the *styx* so often.

THERE is in the heart of a woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

WHY is a shad-pole like a shiftless fellow? Because it's a stick-in-the-mud.

WHY may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

WHAT plaything may be deemed above every other?—A top.

"Sit, you are just like the motions of a dog's tail." "How so?" "Because you are a wag."

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—That the Crippleway Indians are excellent stonemasons.

THE schoolgirl who "fell into a reverie" has been pronounced out of danger by her physician.

THE Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

WHAT relation is that child to its father who is not its own father's son?—His daughter.

WHY is the lightning telegraph like the letter 12?—Because lying wouldn't be flying without it.

WHY does a boy put a straw in a molasses barrel?—He puts a sucker in to get out the saccharine.

WHY are soldiers apt to be tired in the month of April?—Because they've just gone through a March.

"BIRD TO THE TRAYD."—The miller produces the "grub" and the grub makes the butterfly.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—A contemporary has been studying photography. Here is a specimen: "Wat kait b'rd must b'ndurd."

NATURE preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

MEDICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Stale, dry bread is a very effectual stop to juvenile consumption.

WOMEN certainly raise a good deal of dust in the world when they sweep after dirty husbands and children.

THE physically blind thanks you for your guidance; the mentally blind usually rejects it with indignation.

IF jealousy is, as they say, the child of love, the father must strangle the child, or the child will grow up and strangle the father.

MRS. PARINGTON makes Shakespeare say "sweet are the uses of advertisement." It's so, if Shakespeare didn't say it.

THE more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her hands of life are running out.

THE last years of a vicious man are ever miserable. An ill-spent life, like an ill-worn shoe, runs down at the heel.

WANTED.—By a maiden lady, "a local habitation and a name." The real estate is not particular about, so that the title be good. The name she wishes to add to her name.

THE "NINES."—A poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Nine Muses, bursting forth with these words—"Ye femi-nines."

AN HOUR OF ENCHANTMENT.

A SUMMER evening, with its golden smiles, descended on the earth, and as the wind breathed gently o'er the flow'rs that fringed the brook, it seemed attuned to melody by Heaven.

The sun ill'd the clouds with fire, and touch'd the gorgeous woods suspended on the steep;

And hill and valley caught the beautiful glow, While kiss'd the flow'rs to slumber;—even the plains, Were yellow'd by the glare of sunny light;

And numerous insects gleaming in the air, United their soft murmurs with the tone Of bells, whose dreamy music seem'd to flow From some ethereal world!

At such an hour, With all its charms alluring me to thought, My spirit soar'd on Fancy's magic wings;

And dreams, that to the gifted heirs of song Are fraught with beauty, round its temple throng A spell prophetic of my future fame!

C. B. O.

Varieties.

"KNOW THYSELF."—How hard it is to know yourself. You think that your faults all lie in one direction, and you set yourself to work to uproot them. You tug and toil, and hurt yourself, and mortify yourself, and oblige yourself to walk on the line you have drawn; and you begin, after long efforts and patient endurance, to hope that you are coming somewhere near right, when suddenly, as you stand trembling and faint from long striving, some one bursts out upon you with the information that your labour has been all in the wrong direction; that you are just the very thing you thought you were not, only a great deal too much so. Ah, me! the way is so very dark towards self-knowledge.

TO WIN FRIENDS AND TO KEEP THEM.—A true friend is something to be prized above riches, but few know how to treat a true friend when they find one. They are apt to demand too many favours, and to have too little regard for his comfort and feelings, and too much for their own. They are prone to exact what they are not willing to give, and to dictate terms where he should be allowed the choice, even though it be known that he will choose what is dictated. It is often more the manner than the matter—more the spirit than the act—that offends or pleases. Regard for the rights and privileges, the feelings and sentiments of others, characterises every one who is worthy of a true friend; and as a general thing those friends are the truest and best whom we win without effort. But it is plainly one thing to win friends, and another thing to keep them.

"GOD HELP THE POOR."—This is the cry of the hypocrites the world over. They are continually calling on God to help the poor, as if God needed to be reminded of His duty, but precious little do they do themselves to help them. Having full confidence in God, we wish simply to remind the more favoured of His children that cold weather is at hand, when the poor need fuel, clothing and food, and that there is no good reason why the wealthy may not be made the instruments of great good in relieving the sufferings by supplying the needs of their fellow creatures. Be ye not as the hypocrites, making false pretences and a great display of your alms—but do good for the sake of good, and let the deed be its own reward—"for inasmuch as ye have done unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." We feel sure that at this time of year a word to the wise will be sufficient.

NEVER BUY WHAT YOU DON'T NEED.—If the poorhouse has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay for a jew's-harp, see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which Nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady-love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost just half the money. If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes. When you see a man buying a Frenchified toy that a philosophic baby can pull to pieces in five minutes, the chances are that he will live long enough to realise how many cents there are in a dollar; and if he don't, he is sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap it is, don't say yes until you are sure that some one else wants it in advance. Money burns in some people's pockets, and makes such a pesky hole, that everything that is put in drops through past finding.

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SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK ENDING October 10th—

Admission, ONE SHILLING every day. Saturday inclusive, Open daily from Nine till dusk.

MONDAY—BLONDIN.

TUESDAY—Great Fountains.

WEDNESDAY—All the usual attractions.

THURSDAY—BLONDIN.

FRIDAY—GREAT FOUNTAINS.

SATURDAY is now a BILLIARD DAY.

Great Exhibition of Pictures for the sale of original works. Victoria Cross Gallery by Desanges.

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Fine Arts Courts.

Visitors will find on sale all kinds of manufactured articles in the greatest variety, and of the choicest description particularly in the China, Glass, Stationery, French, Indian, Furniture, and Foreign Court, and the Carriage Department.

The Park and Gardens in great beauty. Thousands of Flowers in full bloom.

STANDARD.—Open at 130 to Proprietors gratuitously by tickets. Half-Guinea Season Tickets available till 1st May, 1883.

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Strand) by the said John Dicks, at No. 17, Finsbury, London, and published by him at the office, No. 25, Wellington-street Strand—Saturday, September 27, 1862.

No. 52.—VOL.



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